LETTERS FROM CAMP
DURING
THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

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COLONEL CAMPBELL

BOMBAY BRANCH
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LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA

Yours very truly
Colin R Campbell

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON: 1894.

LETTERS FROM CAMP

TO HIS RELATIVES

DURING THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

BY

COLIN FREDERICK CAMPBELL

LATE LT.-COL. 46TH REGIMENT

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WITH A PREFACE

BY

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY

AND A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR
BY LOWES DICKINSON

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LONDON
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen
1894

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PREFACE

WATERLOO as a victory was so stupendous in its far-reaching results that it may be said to stand alone in the history of the modern world. It is no wonder that we continue to read with eager interest every new book or pamphlet which adds to our knowledge of that day's eventful proceedings.

Of all that has been published about it from time to time, I think the private letters and diaries of the regimental officers and others who took part in it are by far the most interesting. They are impressed with a local colouring which we so often miss in the stately volumes of history. They give us the fresh views, the spontaneous and unpremeditated opinions of the actors in the events described, which are often worth all

the chapters carefully worked out years afterwards by the philosophical historian in the quiet of his book-room at home.

Our war with Russia in 1854 and 1855 cannot be compared in any way with that which was ended by Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo. But still it must always have a living interest for the true lovers of England.

The glory of its triumphs we can never forget, and even when all who fought in the trenches before Sebastopol have disappeared from this world, the story of those dark days of trial, of physical suffering, and utter misery will always be read by our countrymen with deep sympathy and admiration.

The officers still living who passed the winter of 1854 in the trenches look back, I am sure, with intense pride of race and commendable regimental spirit to the noble endurance of our rank and file.

In all this misery the private soldier fought well, and for the honour of England he met his death from want without a

murmur. He knew that no stars or ribands could by any chance fall to his lot, yet he fought like a hero, and suffered with the stedfastness of a martyr. The history of his devotion to duty, of his determination to maintain at all costs the credit of the British army, is beyond any praise I can find words for. Indeed, the whole story of the private soldier's conduct throughout that disastrous winter is so heroic, so pathetic, that to me it is far more glorious and worthy of record than the most dramatic of those daring feats which crowd the pages of our military history.

That in the original plan of campaign, as devised in England by the Cabinet of the day, there was a great deal to cavil at will, I presume, be generally accepted without argument.

We had also much to complain of during the progress of the war on account of the military ignorance of many of the Generals set over us. But we all know that our wretched condition in front of Sebastopol could not be entirely laid at their doors.

The report of the 'Select Committee,' which investigated this matter in 1855, put the saddle on the right horse, and condemned the Cabinet of 1854 as the real authors of our misery.

Our sufferings had their origin in the folly, criminal ignorance, reckless parsimony, and ineptitude of the gentlemen who were then her Majesty's Ministers. See the Parliamentary report of this 'Select Committee.' It is little read now, though full of useful military information, and intensely interesting. The crass ignorance of the Cabinet which ordered our army to the Crimea was only equalled by the baseness with which it afterwards endeavoured to shift the blame of our winter misery from its own shoulders and place it upon those of Sir Richard Airey and the military authorities in the field. We now know also that our superior officers' want of military knowledge was less their fault than the result of our monstrous military system, which allowed useless and ignorant men to command regiments and to become Generals.

A French author, writing about our army in the Crimea, says that although our men were so badly trained as soldiers that they did not know how to cook their dinners in the field, they fought like lions as of yore.

The letters of many an able officer despatched then from the field to friends at home have long remained hidden away because it was thought that their publication might possibly give pain to some gallant Generals still living. But forty years have come and gone since we sat down upon that bleak and rocky plateau overlooking that now historic harbour of Sebastopol. Indeed, every one of our Generals then in command or in high position who ate their Christmas dinner of 1854 in the Crimea has now passed away.

Surely, therefore, the time has come when we can, with all due propriety and respect for their memory, give to the reading public the diaries and correspondence of thoughtful officers who daily recorded their impressions on the spot for the benefit of those at home; it is to them we must look for real lifelike

pictures of what our great and unparalleled siege was like. Of course, much depends upon the character and ability of the writer of all such letters. The great mass of those written home to mothers and fathers, to sisters and brothers, although the joy of those they were addressed to, would be but dull reading to the general public now.

The regimental officer in the middle of this century was usually a badly educated man, and it was certainly not the common practice of parents to send their cleverest son into the army. In every battalion there were, however, a few well-read men of considerable accomplishments and military knowledge. The writer of the letters contained in this little volume, Captain, afterwards Colonel Colin Campbell, was one of these. The few real and ambitious soldiers, the men devoted to their profession, in other words the best officers in every regiment, were then as well known to all ranks in it as is the case now.

I feel convinced that Colin Campbell would then have been named by the consensus of

opinion in his regiment as the best and most rising man in it at that time. We served together as assistant-engineers in the trenches. I knew him well, and without doubt he was one of the very best soldiers I ever knew. Brave to a fault, cool in danger, a man of general resource, a very good rider, and a keen sportsman, he was also an ardent student of military science at a time when very few English officers ever opened a book on the art of war. A well-read man, he brought to bear upon the study of his profession a clear logical mind unprejudiced by the out-of-date aphorisms on soldiers and their work which then passed for gospel amongst the officers of the old school. He was designed by his Creator to be a soldier, and all the best and most necessary qualities of the man of action, of the leader of men, were born in him. He saw a comrade in every private soldier; and often have I heard him speak in glowing terms of the uncomplaining fortitude of the overworked and underfed privates he then saw dying around him.

I have been asked by an old comrade* to write these few pages as a sort of preface to Colin Campbell's letters, although I have not read them. While I prefer to postpone my perusal of them until they have been published, I am confident that any letters by him from the seat of war will well repay those who read them.

(Signed) WOLSELEY,
General.

ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN,
December 21, 1893.

* Colonel Paget L'Estrange, late R.A.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

I HAVE been asked to undertake the arranging of these letters for the press; I have one (and only one) qualification for the undertaking. Colin Campbell was my first cousin, and (what by no means necessarily follows) a very dear and intimate friend. After he left school he always considered my mother's house as his home when in England.* After he joined the army I was very frequently with him (except when his regiment was quartered in the West Indies, Canada, and India), having been an honorary member of the mess of the 46th in Dover, Dublin, and Windsor. I was also for two months with him in the Crimea in 1856, and the next year for the same time at Corfu.

* *Vide* p. 104.

But the real merit (if there is any) of the publication of these letters is due to Colonel Paget L'Estrange (late R.A.), the 'old comrade' alluded to by Lord Wolseley in his preface; he was an old friend of Colin Campbell's, and was quartered with him in England, the Crimea, and subsequently in India; and ultimately married his widow. It is entirely owing to his energy, and the interest that he took in these letters, that they are now published.

The kind of man that Colin Campbell was may be gathered from Lord Wolseley's preface, and the brief notices of him written by Lord Lilford and General Sir James Fitzmayer, and from the letters themselves; no encomiums of mine would have any weight.

Colin Frederick Campbell was the son of Archibald Campbell, Lieut.-Colonel of the 46th Regiment; and of Anne, daughter of Robert Pope Blachford, of Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight. He was born at Bellary, in India, and sent home when a child to his paternal uncle's residence at

Knock, in the Island of Mull (Argyleshire); he was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, Dr. Burney's school at Gosport, and at a private tutor's. He joined the 46th Regiment (lately commanded by his father) in 1840, and was then supposed to be the smallest officer who ever wore her Majesty's uniform; but he rapidly developed, and in a few years grew to be a man of over the average height, broad shouldered, and strongly framed. After serving in the Channel Islands and Ireland he went with his regiment to the West Indies,* and from

* I insert here an extract from a letter lately received from General Sir Thomas Gallwey, R.E., K.C.B., concerning Colin Campbell when he arrived in the West Indies:

'It is fifty-two years since I saw him last, but I remember him perfectly as one of the brightest of young men, and a most popular comrade. I was quartered in Barbadoes in 1842, when an epidemic of yellow fever was at its worst. Three officers had died within a fortnight, and when the 46th arrived it was immediately attacked by the fever, and within a week of their arrival we buried three of their officers on one morning (Captain Tennyson D'Eyncourt, and Lieutenants Mordaunt and Fitzgerald). Colin Campbell escaped the infection at Barbadoes, but

thence to Canada; he got his Captain's commission in 1847, and returned to England in 1848; was quartered at Dover, Preston, Leeds, Dublin, and Windsor, from which latter place he started with his regiment for the Crimea on October 15, 1854. The vessel in which he made the voyage was the unfortunate *Prince;* I accompanied him down the river, and landed with the pilot; it was a Sunday, and I well remember, when

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was attacked afterwards when quartered at St. Vincent, but happily recovered.'

Sir James Fitzmayer, R.A., K.C.B., writes:

'I first met Colin at Barbadoes, but it was at St. Vincent that my friendship and regard for him became established. Our opinions on most subjects, especially as regarded military matters, were similar, but he was more practical and tolerant than I was. It was very pleasant to talk with him; his manner and expression was quiet and thoughtful, never loud and boisterous. In appearance he was one of whom his regiment must have felt a pride, and in his bearing there was an indication of the coolness and presence of mind which attracted me greatly, and which, on more than one occasion, I was able to see he certainly possessed. A more thorough soldier in every sense of the word there could hardly have been.'

the Psalms for the day were being read, how a smile flickered over the faces of officers and men, when the words: 'For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south,' were read. The voyage is described in the first letter; I will only add that after the regiment was landed at Balaclava, owing to the crowded state of the harbour, the *Prince* was obliged to go out to sea; a frightful storm arose, and the magnificent vessel was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and all hands lost. It was said in the papers that all the winter clothing of the 46th was lost in her; this was an error: there *was no winter clothing sent out for them*;* they were landed from the best quarters in England to spend the winter on the bleak steppes of the Crimea, and exposed without shelter to the fearful storm that caused the destruction of the vessel which had brought them out.

As forty years have elapsed since the outbreak of the Crimean War, I imagine

* *Vide* p. 152.

(indeed, I may say I know) that many people of fifty years of age and under know little of the particulars of this, the most tremendous siege that ever was undertaken in the history of the world, and in which such an unparalleled number of lives were sacrificed, not so much by the bullet and the sword, as by starvation, overwork, disease, and exposure.

I think then that it will not be out of place if I briefly note the course of events up to the time of the landing of Colin Campbell in the Crimea. The war arose from an obscure quarrel between the Greek and Latin monks in Palestine about the custody of the Holy Places. Turkey, France, and England sided with the latter, and Russia with the former. War was declared by Russia against Turkey on October 5, 1853. On November 30, the Russians totally destroyed the Turkish fleet anchored at Sinope on the Black Sea. On March 28, 1854, France and England declared war against Russia.

The allied forces landed at Eupatoria, in the Crimea, on September 14, and on the

20th the battle of the Alma was fought. In this battle the English loss was very heavy, as they had to ascend a gentle slope, swept by the Russian guns; while the French, having to climb a steep face, being thus sheltered from the enemy's fire and supported by the allied fleet, escaped with slight loss. The Russians were driven back into Sebastopol; the Allies did not follow them, but marched round the head of the harbour to the port of Balaclava, where they arrived on the 26th, and then proceeded to invest the town from the southern side.

On October 25 occurred the famous and rash charge of the Light Brigade in the valley of Balaclava, which resulted in the loss of nearly half the men and horses. Earlier on the same day a more important and successful engagement came off between our heavy cavalry (the Scots Greys and the Inniskillen Dragoons) under General Scarlett, and a Russian force of double the number; in which the latter were utterly routed.

On November 5, the full force of the

Russians attacked the English on the heights of Inkerman,* and were driven back into Sebastopol with enormous loss.

On November 8, the 46th landed at Balaclava, and the rest of the siege will be found to be vividly described in the following pages.

Before concluding, I wish to express my acknowledgments, and those of the members of Colin Campbell's family, to Mr. Lowes Dickinson for the admirable portrait which graces this work, and which is the spontaneous expression of his feelings of regard and affection for an old friend.

R. B. MANSFIELD.

74, WARWICK SQUARE,
LONDON,
August, 1894.

* Two companies of the 46th had previously arrived in the Crimea, and were present at the battle of Inkerman.

LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA

To his Brother Archibald.

The Dardanelles,
Saturday, Nov. 5, 1854.

I have not much to tell you about our voyage, which has been rather uninteresting. With the exception of one day's severe rolling in the Bay of Biscay, we had splendid weather until we reached Cape Matapan, which we made on Sunday, October 30. We did not stop anywhere, having passed Malta during the night, and only exchanged signals at Gibraltar.

At Cape Matapan it came on to blow very hard, and on Sunday night we had rather a

ticklish time of it, beating about all night, close hauled, and in great dread of going ashore on the island of Cerigo, as we had not sufficient steam-power to make head against the wind. In the morning we found ourselves off the island of Milo, and the wind moderating, we reached the island of Zea. Here we took shelter for the night in a bay at the southern end of Negropont, and on Wednesday we made two attempts to prosecute our voyage, but found the wind too strong, and were obliged to put back to our anchorage, which was called Kyristo Bay. This was fortunate, as on Wednesday night and next day it blew the most terrific hurricane I ever witnessed; the force of the wind astonished me; although we were lying under the lee of high land, not more than half a mile from the shore, we dragged our anchors repeatedly, and on deck one could scarcely stand against the wind.

The bay was a small one, and almost com-

pletely land-locked, so that no sea could get up, but the surface of the water was as white as whipped cream, and the wind lifted the spray in perfect sheets even as high as our decks. On Friday we left Kyristo, or, as some of the maps call it, Castel Rotso, and although there was a good deal of sea running the weather was delightful; we arrived off the entrance of the Dardanelles about 11 o'clock this morning, and a more delicious sail than we have had up there all day I never experienced.

The castles of the Dardanelles are somewhat disappointing, but the scenery, climate, boats, and dresses of the natives fully equalled my expectations. We passed so close to some of the forts that we might have spoken to some of the soldiers if we had known their language. At all the forts the guards turned out and presented arms, and we gave them three cheers. In the morning the Colonel presented a new set

of colours to the regiment, and made a very good speech on the occasion, and the chaplain on board also gave a very good address, but the most exciting moment was when we saw a boat with an English flag in it putting off from the shore. As soon as we got within hail we asked whether Sebastopol was taken, and at the answer, 'No,' a loud shout was raised by everyone. Our informant was an English Captain of Engineers, named Gibbs, who had been ill of fever, and had come down the Dardanelles for the benefit of his health, and was then waiting a passage back to Gallipoli.

When he came on board he rather damped our ardour by telling us that he had only news to the 26th, and that he had no doubt whatever but that the place had fallen by this time. As all the information he gave must now be old to you, I will not repeat it here, but if after we get to Con-

stantinople I hear anything new, I will put it in a postscript. He stated that the health of the army in the Crimea was tolerably good, but the men suffering considerably from the cold. We expect to arrive at Constantinople to-morrow morning, and as soon as we can land £200,000, which we have for the Sultan, will proceed to the Black Sea. On the whole, our voyage as yet has been very prosperous. Our party was a large one (we sat down fifty-six to dinner every day), but we pulled well together. We had all sorts on board —some very indifferent characters—Irish army-surgeons, commissariat, divers, telegraph clerks, etc. The vessel was a great deal too deeply laden for safety, and rolled most terribly. Our Captain was a very superior man—John will recollect him; his name is Goodall—he was a schoolfellow of ours, and sat three desks from me at Burney's. My principal occupation on board

was learning chess under the auspices of our new paymaster, who is a pretty fair player. I learnt from him all sorts of dodges, and find the game greatly simplified by the knowledge I have acquired. I am now well up to the 'Damiano gambit,' 'Ruy Lopez attack,' 'the two knights defence,' 'Il fianchetto dè Donna,' and other dodges too numerous to mention, which no doubt I shall forget before I see you again.

John's present to me is a treasure, and one of the most delightful presents he could have given me. One of the officers sent up to London from Greenhithe for one like it, and we have been much envied our possessions.

I was a good deal disappointed with the islands of the Archipelago; they looked sterile and treeless. The coast of Asia is beautiful, and well wooded and cultivated. We lay so long in Kyristo Bay that we began to know the inhabitants by sight

(that is, by telescope), for we had no other intercourse with them, and characterized them by various names—Ulysses, Alcibiades, Penelope, etc. They seemed to be comfortably lodged and clothed.

Captain Gibbs, who came off to-day, and who seems to have mixed a great deal with the natives, says that the capture of Sebastopol will have a wonderful effect in these parts; he says the Greeks still do not believe it possible, and even the Turks are very doubtful about it; he said he had met many of the better educated Greeks who were favourable to the Allies.

We had rather bad work with the horses in the Bay of Biscay, and at one time I thought they would all have been lost, as the whole stable, which was built on the upper deck, began to give way. Several horses were down, and one horse killed; and the Colonel hurt his hand badly in struggling with him, and it is not well yet. This horse

got so jammed up amongst the others that we had to saw him in pieces before we could get him out and throw him overboard; of course we cut his throat first. I was on duty that day, and sat up nearly all night with them. I never saw men behave better than the grooms did; some of them never left their horses' heads for twenty-four hours, eating their biscuit and salt pork in that position, and quite forgetting their sea-sickness in their anxiety for their favourites. I will now leave off writing, and finish my letter at Constantinople.

Constantinople,
Sunday, Nov. 6.

I have very little time to finish my letter, as they say we are to go off to Sebastopol immediately. We have only had hurried scraps of news; but from all we can make out Sebastopol is not taken, and it is thought that the assault would take place to-day, so we are still in as great uncertainty as

ever as to whether we shall be in time or not.

We came in sight of Constantinople this morning before sunrise, and, as we steamed into the Bosphorus, the sun was rising on the right hand and the full moon setting on the left. It was magnificent, and realized anything Murray could write in his wildest moments. It did not remind me of Venice, but of Turner's picture of Venice in the National Gallery.

Ten minutes after sunrise the whole place was alive with boats, and presented a most animated spectacle. The Golden Horn was full of English and French transports, and we could see the wounded men and officers being lowered down the sides. Our Colonel and the Captain of the *Prince* have gone ashore, but have not yet returned, so we have no news except scraps from the Turkish officials. They say great numbers of invalids arrive from the Crimea who have nothing

the matter with them except such intense weakness that they can scarcely stand. Our cavalry loss seems to have been a sad business. An Egyptian frigate was lost in the gale we weathered, only eight men saved.

P.S.—Admiral Boxer has just passed under our stern, and says we must be off at once. He thinks we shall be in time; 2,000 French are leaving the harbour with us, in the *Napoleon* and *City of London.*

2 o'clock p.m.

We are just about to be off; it is difficult to make out anything very clearly from the various conflicting statements we have heard, but I think we shall be in time. Several of the English I have seen are in low spirits about Sebastopol, and think it is not going to be taken at all. Our Colonel has just come back from the English hospital. There are 5,000 sick there. There is a great want of men for the Crimea, and orders arrived

to-day to call for volunteers to go to Sebastopol. Great numbers volunteered, and the surgeons chose 600 men, taking almost everyone who could stagger under his arms.

It is now said the assault will take place as soon as the reinforcements arrive. It is not a very cheerful prospect sending sick men up to the breaches, but I hope we shall find things better when we get there. They say the spirit of the army is excellent. We expect to get to Balaclava on Tuesday, the 8th. The *Albion* line of battleship is lying in dock here almost knocked to pieces. The conduct of the superior officers of cavalry in the disastrous affair the other day* is very freely commented on here. I fear our cavalry are too much given to thinking they can ride over anything. Lord Raglan's health is said to be excellent.

* Battle of Balaclava.

To his Sister, Mrs. Russell.

Off Sebastopol,
Nov. 8.

Although I have little news to give you, as I hear there is a mail to leave here to-morrow morning, I sit down to write you a short note. I have been working very hard for the last four hours, trying to get up a horse that had fallen down in its stall, and we have only just succeeded in getting him on his legs.

We reached the mouth of the Katcha river this evening, having gone there to report ourselves to the Admiral. We then heard for the first time the sad news of the action on Sunday last.* . I can imagine what a panic the news will create in England. But do not be carried away by it. Nothing of the sort exists here. I have not seen any of the army men yet, but the naval men

* The Battle of Inkerman.

assure me that the army is in high spirits, and feel confident of holding their ground and taking the south side of Sebastopol. They say the Russians tried their very utmost to beat us on Sunday and failed, and that they are not likely to do better another time.

French reinforcements are coming in fast, and if the weather keeps tolerably warm all will go well. As for the Russian cavalry, which are here now in vast numbers, our men laugh at them, and say they are not worth forming square for. I can give you no information about the action worth retailing, and I have no doubt you will have ample accounts in the English papers. I again warn you not to be led away by the panic in England. What I have written above is my real opinion, and not written for the purpose of keeping up your spirits.

We shall land this morning about daylight at Balaclava, carrying three days' provisions

each; we shall have hard and rough work of it, but if I possibly can I will write to you once a fortnight.

I suppose Colonel Garret will get a brigade. The opinion in the navy is that the south side will be carried by assault within the next three weeks; they say Canrobert and Sir Colin Campbell are anxious to assault at once, but that Lord Raglan objects.

We passed close along the shore to-day when going to report to the Admiral, and with our glasses watched the English and French batteries playing; it was the most interesting sight I ever beheld. I may as well tell you that the navy think there is no chance of the north side of Sebastopol being taken at all; they all say that it is perfect madness to take ships against it. The entire force of the Russians is computed at 96,000 men.

I must now conclude, and try to get a little sleep before parade hour, as we have

a hard day's work before us to-morrow, and this will probably be the last time for many a day that I shall sleep in a comfortable bed. If I have time and opportunity before the mail leaves I will add a postscript.

Nov. 8, 10 *a.m.*

Just landing. Splendid weather. Good-bye and God bless you.

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, FRANCIS RUSSELL.

Camp before Sebastopol,
Nov. 17, 1854.

I never felt more unwilling to write to my friends than I do at present, because I fear that if I tell them my opinion of the state of affairs here they will be dreadfully and perhaps needlessly alarmed, and I am equally unwilling to cook up any statement for the purpose of keeping up their spirits. I have, however, determined to give you my exact opinion on the matter, also giving you any

facts I am acquainted with, and letting you judge for yourself. You must also recollect that my information is very limited, and that you probably know a great deal more about our doings here than I do. I put a post-script in my letter to Jane saying that we were just landed at Balaclava. We had a splendid day for it, and had a pleasant march up to our division (the 4th), which is the nearest Sebastopol: our camp equipage did not arrive that night, and we had to bivouac on the ground; but the night was tolerably fine, and we got on well enough.

The next day, after we had got our tents up, I went to see some of the officers of the other regiments, and to look over the camp. I had not been an hour in the camp before my opinions underwent an entire change, and I found out that my naval friends and the newspapers were entirely mistaken. I found a deep gloom had settled over the camp, partly caused by regret at the loss of

so many brave fellows at the battle of Inkerman, and partly from the conviction among them that the siege must be raised.

I find that this has spread even more amongst the men than among the officers. The thinking part of us look forward with alarm to the idea of spending a winter in this place, as our stores are already beginning to run short, and the roads are in such a state that the commissariat have the greatest difficulty in bringing our food up from Balaclava. There is no blinking the fact that we who are besieging Sebastopol are ourselves a besieged army, and live in a constant state of alarm lest our rear should be attacked by the force under Osten Sacken. The fire of the French and English batteries, which, when I came here, was kept up with great spirit, has now dwindled away to almost nothing, and the batteries of Sebastopol never fire at us except when we fire at them.

We hear all sorts of stories about the inhabitants being very badly off for provisions, which I do not believe, as the communication from the north side is quite open, and small steamers are incessantly running across. The work for the English troops here is dreadfully hard, and is, in fact, killing the men; what is most trying is what are called covering parties. These are large bodies of men who are marched down every night to the entrenchments,* and remain there twenty-four hours, to prevent the Russians from entering the batteries and spiking the guns. Whatever the weather may be there the men have to stay, and, as their clothing is very insufficient, the men are sometimes half dead with cold. Nothing like a fire can be lit, as it would immediately bring upon us the fire of the Russian batteries, whereas, if everything is kept dark, they

* The distance from the camp to the entrenchments was about one and a half miles.

have to fire by guesswork, which they seldom think worth while.

We (the 46th) have been especially unfortunate in our weather, which has been very severe; and, as men fresh from living on board ship never stand this work well, we have had nearly a third of the regiment in hospital. The state of the trenches in rainy weather surpasses all description; the thick sticky mud is nearly a foot deep, and in it the men have to lie, as the sight of their heads above the parapet in the daytime would be the signal for a shower of shot and shell. There has, however, been very little shelling of the English trenches since we have been here, as they do not think us worth the trouble, and pay all their attention to the French.

Our regiment has only had three or four men hurt, and only one has died of his wounds. We are, however, losing four or five a day by what is put down in the returns

as cholera, but is nothing but cramps brought on by lying in the wet and cold.

As long as I live I shall never forget the day of that dreadful storm, which destroyed so much of our shipping.* I was in the trenches, at a place called the New Battery, in charge of 150 men. It is about five miles from our camp. At about eight o'clock at night, when it was my time to go home, having been there twenty-four hours, I found the men dreadfully exhausted, and began to have great doubts whether I should ever be able to get them home. The extreme violence of the wind had ceased, but it was snowing fast, as dark as pitch, and the road difficult to find.

* In this storm the *Prince*, the vessel in which Colin Campbell and his regiment had come out, was wrecked on the rocks just outside the harbour of Balaclava, after the regiment had disembarked. It was stated in the newspapers that the 46th had lost all their winter clothing. This was an error, *no* winter clothing had been sent out with them. *Vide* p. 152.

However, there was nothing for it but to try; so I picked out seven men who I thought could not possibly stand the march, and started with the others, leaving the seven, two of whom were senseless, in a small cave in charge of the officer who relieved me. We were four hours on the road, and nearly lost our way. The snow and wind were in our faces all the way, and at one time I really did not think I should have brought in fifty men. I had to halt the men and make them a short speech, in which I told them that anyone who fell out would have to lie and die as he fell, as I could not stop to assist anyone.

This roused them up to struggle on, and I got them all to the camp; I shall never forget the scene when I got there. The snow had ceased, but the wind was still blowing violently; every tent in the regiment (except about ten) was down, and the men endeavouring to shelter themselves

under the wet canvas as it lay on the ground; 160 men had been taken sick that day, and were lying crowded in the hospital tents, the whole of which had been blown over, and the sick and dying were lying under them, with loose horses, that had broken loose during the storm, galloping about in every direction. My own tent was standing, but was almost full of officers who were tentless.

I had hardly returned ten minutes before the Russians made a furious attack on the French entrenchments, and the alarm-bugles rang through the camp. We were in such disorder that it was a long time before we could get the men turned out and formed.

In the meantime the shells, rockets, carcasses, etc., quite illuminated the air, although the fight was going on two miles from us. Just as we had got the men ready the firing ceased, the Russians having been beaten back; they often attack the French in this

manner, but seldom trouble us. They attacked the English once (before we came here), and lost 700 men, with a very small loss on our side. Thank Heaven, we have had no return of such weather as I have been describing. Ten men of our regiment died on that night, and I really think that if it had lasted two or three days longer the regiment would have been utterly disorganized. It is a repetition of such weather as this that makes me dread wintering here. It seems to me almost madness to attempt it, but I have no doubt Lord Raglan knows a great deal better than I do. I imagine the fact is we could not embark again without the loss of our siege artillery and camp equipage.

The perpetual talk amongst the men is, 'Why do they not allow us to assault?' But an engineer officer told me the other day that three weeks ago we might have assaulted with success, but that we had not

a sufficient number of men to do so, and now that reinforcements had come it was too late, as the streets were barricaded, the walls loop-holed, and such preparations made as would destroy an army. However, time will show what is to be done. My present opinion is that we might winter here if we got an immense supply of firewood and forage, but that if circumstances turned out unfavourably the whole army might be annihilated. I wish we were all safe on the other side of the Black Sea, and that, I can assure you, is the general feeling in the camp.

I intended to have written you a much longer letter, but find that I have not time, and have many things to tell you in my next. I went over the battlefield of Inkerman a few days after the battle, and am quite certain that the Russian loss could not have been much under 20,000 men. At first I thought this must be a greatly exaggerated

number, but I am now convinced it is the truth. The Turks and English buried 4,081 Russians. The French buried a number, of which no return was kept (say 500), and there are at least 500 lying still unburied; allowing three men wounded for every one killed (which is a very small proportion), and including 2,000 prisoners who were taken, makes a total of 22,324.* We lost 112 horses, and I do not think the Russians lost more than 40 or 50, their guns having been put in position during the night, and their horses sheltered behind a hill.

The little detachment of the 46th, who were there, behaved admirably; the officers describe the battle to me as a scene of utter

* 4,081
500
500

5,081
15,243
2,000

22,324

confusion, regiments being mixed up with each other, no intelligible orders being given, and nothing but the desperate bravery of the privates winning it. In none of our battles in the Peninsula was there such desperate hand-to-hand fighting as there was there. The detachment of the 46th would have been utterly destroyed, their ammunition being entirely exhausted, but for the Zouaves, who came to the rescue in most wonderful style. Those who saw it say they looked like birds* as they came flying over the hill without any order whatever, each man flourishing his firelock over his head, and scarcely seeming to touch the ground.

I must now conclude, as my time is very short. I have little to tell you about myself; I have had only one incident that can be called an escape, when a round shot passed

* Described in another letter as 'like a troop of kangaroos.'

within about two yards of my head; I saw it coming and stepped out of the way, which one generally can do. A very fine young fellow (a midshipman) had his head carried off near me the same day. I saw a shell burst one day right in the midst of a knot of our men without hurting one of them. I am much dissatisfied with this letter, which is scrawled in haste, but will try to begin another one to-morrow, so as to complete it at my leisure before the next mail.

To Mrs. Russell.

Camp before Sebastopol,
Nov. 27.

I have only time to write you a note, as the letter-sergeant actually leaves the camp in a quarter of an hour, but I cannot let two mails in succession leave without writing, or you will fancy something has happened to me. Things are in a bad way here, but I hope they may mend. Want of forage and

firewood are our greatest evils. I have hardly had a minute of daylight to myself since the last mail went out, and at night am so tired that I am glad to get to sleep as soon as possible. I have, however, had excellent health, and have not suffered in the least from exposure, although often wet through for twenty-four hours at a time.

The sickness amongst the men has been very great; we have buried ten per cent. of our men since we landed, and ruined the constitutions of at least fifteen per cent. more. We have lost very few in the trenches; three or four killed only. We landed 706 men, and only mustered 303 on parade yesterday. There is no fighting worth mentioning going on; the siege is now a mere farce; we fire about a gun an hour; the Russians often make sorties, but are easily beaten back. I can give you no intelligence about our probable movements, as we know nothing of them.

It is stated on better authority than usual that we are to attack the army in our rear within three days. It is confidently stated that this army (the Russian) is suffering even more than we are, and that thirty-six of its heaviest guns are imbedded in the mud and cannot be moved. If we do attack, the French will have the brunt of it; they have not suffered nearly so much as us, and their equipment and organization are infinitely superior.

I have not much to do to-day, and the weather is better, so I will commence a long letter to Francis or Archy. Do not alarm yourself about my health; I could stand this work any length of time, and we have, in fact, very few officers sick. No regiment has suffered to the extent that ours has; I cannot tell the reason. Our division (the 4th) is much worse fed than any other.

Sebastopol appears to me to be getting stronger daily. The Russians work at the

fortifications like bees; we can see them so plainly in some parts that we recognise a man's face with a good glass. I hear that the mail conveying my first letter, written to you the day before we landed, was lost. Is this true? I have not received a letter since I came here.

To his Brother Archibald.

Camp before Sebastopol,
Dec. 1, 1854.

I have written very little since I landed in the Crimea, and I fear that my friends will think that I have been very remiss, but the difficulties in the way must be my excuse. You in England can hardly realize the difference between a dry room with a chair and table, and a wet tent up to your ankles in mud, with a camp-stool to sit upon and your knee for a desk, as is my position at this moment. Whenever the weather is at all fine, I am engaged all day on duty, foraging for food or looking after my company,

and in wet weather it is generally so cold that one cannot hold a pen with any comfort.

I have no doubt that you and the rest of the English public are sufficiently alarmed for the safety of the army in the Crimea without my adding to it by any gloomy speculations of my own; but I will nevertheless give you my real opinions on the subject, as I am sure, however gloomy they may be, they will be infinitely more satisfactory to you than any attempt to bolster up your hopes against my own convictions. You must bear in mind when reading this, or any future letters, that my opportunities for observation are very much smaller than you might at first sight imagine, and that beyond the circle of the 4th division I know little or nothing. A description of the events of the siege I must leave you to get from the special correspondents of the different newspapers, whose accounts I believe to be very correct, far more so than

those taken from private letters, the writers of which do not expect their accounts to be published, and therefore often enlarge and exaggerate.

I will commence with an assertion that I could not have written with truth a week ago. It is that I believe we shall take Sebastopol before Christmas Day. I suppose it will be taken by assault, and that the loss will be very great; but nevertheless I believe it will be taken. It is evident that something is brewing. The siege has at present almost entirely ceased, and we only fire a gun or two now and then just for form's sake. We are, however, busy bringing up new guns, but the exhausted state of both horses and men makes it a very tedious affair. If the assault takes place and is successful, I fear there will be such a scene as has rarely taken place before in the world. From the fanaticism of the Russians, and the disorganized state of the allied army, no

quarter can be expected, and the affair is almost too terrible to think of.

The state of the 46th regiment has improved since I last wrote; the work is not so severe, and for the last two days we have had full rations. Up to to-day we have lost eighty-five men, and I am astonished at the smallness of the number, as the privations have been most dreadful. It is the work in the trenches that has destroyed them.* I have seen the men remain there for twenty-four hours at a time without the least shelter, and the rain pouring down the whole time. They have then returned to their wet tents, and with no change of clothing lain down for twelve hours, with only a few mouthfuls of biscuit to eat and a glass of rum to drink, and then start again for another twenty-four hours. This comes of attempting to do the work of 30,000 men with only half that number.

* *Vide* p. 59.

Our division, the 4th, was (I think) harder worked and (I know) worse fed than any other in the army. If this state of things had lasted, I really think we should not have had a hundred men of the 46th alive in three weeks. The system is now, however, altered for the better. The French have taken part of our trenches, and our men are relieved every twelve hours instead of every twenty-four; our commissariat department has also improved. The officers have suffered very little comparatively.* We have had about a dozen officers sick, but none of them dangerously so. Our doctor tells us that he has only seen four cases that could be called Asiatic cholera; the rest of the deaths have been from cramps brought on by cold, hunger, and exhaustion.

Strange to say, I have never in my life enjoyed better health than I have done since I came here. I think one other officer and

* *Vide* p. 59.

myself are the only two who have enjoyed perfect freedom from bowel complaint. The Colonel,* Maxwell, Garrett, Hardy, McAlister, Curtis, Hesketh, and young Waldy are those who have suffered most. The complaint seems to attack all constitutions indiscriminately, but of those who have died the large men form a great proportion. I should think that twenty out of the eighty-five we have lost were over six feet high.

Those men who in the army are known by the name of 'steady drinkers,' men who acquire their two or three good conduct stripes from being sage enough never to drink more than will allow them to walk steadily past the sergeant at the gate, yet drink more than is good for them every night of their lives, have scarcely any chance of recovery when seized, whilst many of the reckless blackguards who get drunk when-

* Garrett. His son Algernon was a captain in the regiment.

ever they can, and pass the greater part of their time in the guard-room, seem to have as good a chance of recovery as anyone else.

It is quite impossible by any observation on home service to determine who are the best officers or men for such work as we have had; many of the worst soldiers at home have turned out best here, and *vice versâ*. Our recruits who have been enlisted within the two or three months are almost useless; they seem quite paralyzed and frightened by their hardships, yet nevertheless do not die quite so fast as the old soldiers.

Altogether a siege in winter is the most abominable work it is possible to engage in; the total want of excitement when lying in the trenches is most galling. Every now and then, perhaps once in two days, a cannon-ball or a shell kills some unfortunate fellow; but the amount of danger is very trifling,

and we lose fifteen men by sickness for every one killed by the enemy. One acquires, when sleeping in the trenches, a curious faculty of awaking when there is the slightest danger. I can assure you that when in command of an advanced party I have slept perfectly soundly for an hour at a time, although the cannon-balls and Minié bullets have been striking the parapet only a few feet from me without disturbing me; and yet the sharp challenge of a sentry would make me spring to my feet like an electric shock.

At the advanced posts there is now and then a smart skirmish with the enemy's riflemen, and a few men are killed on either side; but I have not yet been engaged in one. Anyone accustomed to see the smart English soldiery at home would be astonished at their appearance here. Our whole equipment is entirely unfit for active service.

The French is infinitely superior. The

worst French regiment here makes a better appearance than the best English. In fact, the Rifle Brigade is the only English regiment here that keeps up the appearance of being soldiers; their dark clothing and black belt give them a great advantage. The others are masses of mud from head to foot, and never make any attempt to clean themselves; the only thing we ever look to is the state of the arms and ammunition.

The whole organization of the French army is vastly superior to ours, particularly their medical and commissariat departments; our medical department is in a very bad state. I do not know that it is the fault of anyone in particular, but that we are mere infants in the art of war, and have had no experience except in India, where everything in the way of organization is done by the East India Company.

Although the French are so experienced

in many points, I think the discipline of our men is beyond all praise, and I very much doubt if French regiments could have been induced to do such severe work as our men were doing a week ago. If the French had not seen our men under fire, I should think they would have been filled with contempt for them from their appearance, but as it is they have a great respect for us, and never cease expressing it. Some French officers have been candid enough to say that they do not think their own men could have advanced under the tremendous fire that ours did at Alma.

At Inkerman, on November 5, the little detachment of the 46th would have been annihilated but for the 2nd Regiment of Zouaves, who came to their rescue in gallant style. Our ammunition was entirely exhausted, and we were almost surrounded by the enemy, when the Zouaves came bounding over the hill, as those describe

who saw it, more like a troop of kangaroos* than human beings.

The army here is a good deal disgusted at the slight notice Lord Raglan took of this sanguinary battle (Inkerman), he having merely thanked the army for the gallant way it had defended the position. It is said that he is a good deal ashamed of having left that point where we were attacked so weak, as the necessity of entrenching it more strongly had frequently been pointed out to him. Although our loss was so severe, perhaps it is better that the Russians were allowed to advance as far as they did, as they thereby got a lesson they are not likely to forget in a hurry; it is said (and I believe it) that the officers cannot induce that army to attack us again.

I rode over the field of battle on the 9th, and even then it was a dreadful sight. I saw no wounded Russians, but I am credibly

* *Vide* p. 26.

informed that some of the poor creatures were found *alive* in the brushwood as late as the 11th.* Letters were received here yesterday from some of our prisoners in Sebastopol, saying that they were well treated.

Dec. 2.

To-day is, for a wonder, a fine one, and puts every one in good spirits. I think the question as to when Sebastopol will be assaulted depends entirely on the weather. If it continues fine we may get our guns up into position in a fortnight or three weeks, but if the roads continue in their present state I cannot venture to say when it will be done. If the cavalry and artillery horses

* The route by which part of the Russian army retreated was not visited by either army till peace was declared. I then rode by this route to Sebastopol, and in every cranny of the rocks and among the bushes lay scores of Russian skeletons clothed, the remains of poor wounded wretches who had fallen exhausted in the retreat.—ED.

continue dying at the rate they are doing at present there will not be one left alive by the end of January. I am sorry to say that other divisions besides the 4th have suffered severely lately. A Colonel in the 3rd division assured me to-day that his division buried 129 men in three days during this week. We lost only two men last night, which is the smallest number we have lost for the last three weeks.

I wish I had written you a short description of the camp here when first we arrived, whilst the weather was fine. It was a most stirring scene. The numberless different costumes that one met at every turn would take pages to describe. At every turn of the road one met something new—sometimes a detachment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique in their bright blue jackets and red trousers, their beautiful little Arab horses bounding under them; then a regiment of Indigenes or Arab riflemen; then the martial-looking

Zouaves, then a long line of wounded Russians, then a lot of scatter-brained English subalterns racing their Cossack ponies, perhaps Lord Raglan jogging soberly along with a plain-looking staff and one hussar for an escort, or Canrobert dashing past with his showy aides-de-camp and his fierce-looking red-jacketed Spahis, all mixed up with the everlasting train of buffaloes, dromedaries, Crim Tartars, artillery waggons, Spanish mule-drivers, etc. As for Balaclava, it would take a volume to describe it, it is a perfect Babel. Sights that would create a crowd in any other part of the world excite no attention there. The inhabitants are all turned out, and their houses occupied by Maltese shopkeepers, sick and wounded Russians, Turks, and commissariat servants belonging to every nation in Europe. In one corner you may see a party of Turks squabbling as to who shall carry a dead Russian, in another the Provost-Marshal's

people flogging a camp-follower, in another a Connaught Ranger stabbing a dromedary with his bayonet whilst the wretched Crim Tartar owner wrings his hands in despair. If you look into a half-open door you may see a surgeon operating on a wounded Russian, or a score of dying Turks, or a French dragoon and a Highlander hob nobbing in champagne, or half a dozen drowned sailors — nothing excites your astonishment after a short time. The most dreadful place of all is that where the wounded Russians are; there they lie so thick that they touch each other, without proper bandages or attendance, and the smell, the groans, and the torture almost equal the descriptions of Danté. I think one gets callous to blood and wounds much sooner than to other suffering—at least, it is my case—and I feel much more for a poor fellow lying with cramps in the hospital-tent on the damp earth than for his neighbour

who has his arm blown off, or a grape shot in his side. One does not require to go to Balaclava to see such sights as these; they can be seen in profusion within twenty yards of where I am now writing.

An awkward affair occurred this morning in the most advanced trench, which is about 300 yards from the enemy's guns. It was guarded by a party of the —— Regiment, eighty in number. Some say they were all asleep, but at any rate they kept very bad watch, for about an hour before daylight a party of 200 or 300 Russians jumped into the trench, bayoneted seven of them on the spot, and wounded a good many more, dispersing the whole party in confusion. Luckily at this moment a party of the Rifle Brigade came up and retook the trench, dispersing the Russians with a loss of only three men. I expect to be appointed to the command of a party of ninety picked sharpshooters from the division, and to have no other duty than

the defence of this trench, which will at all events be pleasanter duty than I have yet had.

Colonel Garrett has been appointed to command a brigade, and has made his son Brigade-Major; he has not appointed any aide-de-camp yet; I believe he intends to appoint me, but does not like to take me away from the regiment at present as the duty is already very severe on the captains.

What nonsense the English papers talk about the inferior equipment of the Russian soldiers, and about the bad gunnery of their artillery! Their equipment is quite as good as ours, and I really believe their artillery to be superior in almost every point. They can throw shot weighing at least 120 pounds a good deal further than we can, and the way they took away their field artillery after the defeat at Inkerman was the admiration of everyone.

The worst thing about the Russian artillery

is their shell practice; they do not seem to understand cutting the fuses well. They have lately learnt a nasty trick of firing their shells with reduced charges, so that they just hit the parapet, and lob into the trench something like Clark's bowling. I begin, however, to have a great contempt for shells, having seen some hundreds fired without much harm being done. A round shot fired at the distance of a mile can also generally be avoided if your face is towards it; it seems to come about the pace that a good forward drive sometimes comes to a bowler, and that you know is unpleasant at times.

I find all the presents I received very useful, especially the housewife and dressing-case; the compass is also sometimes useful in a fog; the little camp-stool was useful, but soon broke down, and is now lashed across my tent pole, and makes capital pegs to hang things on. I hope soon to be able to visit the whole of our lines, which are

about fourteen miles in extent, when I will write an account of my ride. I am much more cheerful about our prospects than I was a week ago, and firmly believe we shall take Sebastopol; I think, however, if we do not take it before Christmas the prospect is a dreary one.

P.S.—If you know any lady mad enough to come out here as a hospital nurse, use all your interest to get her put into a strait-waistcoat as soon as possible.

To his Brother John.

Camp before Sebastopol,
Dec. 7.

According to their usual custom the authorities have just given me notice that the mail for England will leave the camp in half an hour, consequently I have not much time to give you the news. It is, however, my own fault for not having had a letter ready.

The weather here has changed for the better, having become clear and cold. I was in the trenches all last night, and passed the pleasantest night I have yet had in them; but that is not saying much. The Russ behaved himself very well and scarcely fired at all; Curtis and myself crept up so close to their sentries that we could hear them talking.

The *Vladimir* and another steamer crept out of the harbour yesterday and shelled the French lines, it was rather a pretty sight. I have not heard whether they did any harm or not. There is a rumour here that the French have fought another battle of the Alma and been victorious. Liprandi's army in our rear burnt their huts, and retired yesterday.

Whether we take Sebastopol or not is a mere question of weather. If the present weather lasts we shall take the place, as sure as the Emperor's name is Nicholas. They

are making every preparation in Sebastopol for the assault, and I can see daily fresh barricades, abattis, chevaux de frise, etc. I hear the letter-sergeant coming, and must now conclude. I have received no letters since I arrived here. My health continues excellent; we lose now about two men a day, not including those killed in the trenches, who amount probably to about three a week.

I am happy to see that there is a proper feeling in England, and that although they are frightened they do not despair; we want horses, mules, hay, and firewood here more than anything else. Hesketh and young Waldy are dangerously ill, all the rest as well as can be expected. The Colonel has appointed Forde his aide-de-camp, as he says captains cannot be spared.

To his Brother John.

Camp before Sebastopol,
Dec. 10, 1854.

I was not able to commence my letter to you immediately after sending off my note, as I promised to do; but I have nevertheless, I think, ample time to write a pretty long one before the post goes out.

I hear the mail from England arrived today. We have not, however, yet received our letters. Our life continues much the same; but the weather since I wrote to you has much improved, and we are very busy getting up fresh guns, principally long thirty-two pounders and thirteen-inch mortars.

I am not so hopeful about taking Sebastopol (that is to say within any reasonable time) as I was when I wrote to Archy. The labour of bringing up the guns is very great, and the artillery horses so exhausted from want of hay and overwork, that I do not

think the new batteries can be erected and brought to play before this day month. If the weather becomes rainy again, I really do not think the guns will ever be brought up. The other day, when it was rather muddy, twenty horses were attached to a gun at Balaclava, and four dropped down dead before they got out of the town, whereupon they were obliged to abandon the gun for that day. About half a dozen guns and four mortars have been brought up, but not a single round of ammunition. Each shell for a thirteen-inch mortar weighs 200 pounds, which will give you some idea of the labour required before we shall be ready to open fire.

At present the siege has almost ceased, as far as firing goes. We fire about ten or twelve shots a day, and whenever we fire the Russians give us ten shots in return. Their practice is admirable, and I think it highly probable that when the grand batteries

open we shall find the Russians stronger than we are. Last night they made a demonstration opposite Gordon's battery, and several divisions were obliged to stand to their arms. Some say that to-morrôw is the Emperor's birthday, and that there will be a grand attack; for my part, I do not believe it, as they got a lesson at Inkerman they are not likely to forget.

Our men still continue dying at the rate of three a day. We landed in the Crimea 706 strong on the 8th of last month, and of these we have buried 108. There are 270 on the sick-list, and we have 327 returned as fit for duty; but I am not exaggerating when I say that not 200 of these men could march ten miles even without their packs. This mortality is to be ascribed to overwork, insufficient clothing, and indifferent food. Many other regiments are suffering nearly as much as ours, but as far as I can hear there is not any great

amount of sickness except in the 3rd and 4th divisions.

The commissariat department is very badly managed; we hardly ever get a whole day's rations at a time, and generally the food comes so late in the day that the men find it impossible to cook it. I do not think the fault lies with the men so much as with the system.

The French commissariat seems admirably managed, and their men never want for anything; their men also are not overworked in the way ours are. I know no one point in which the French army is not superior to ours except in obstinate bull-dog courage, and in that point even some of the French officers confess themselves inferior. They march infinitely better; they keep their arms in better order, and their whole equipment and organization are vastly superior. I think they are too intelligent, and know when they are getting the worst of it, which our men never do.

I have talked to numbers of the French private soldiers, and I never found one yet who had not some plan of the campaign in his head, and who did not know all about the expected reinforcements, etc. I think Lord Raglan could have ordered the French to take a larger share of the work than they have done.

In none of my letters have I attempted to give any plan of the attack on Sebastopol, as I was sure you would learn much more about it from the maps and papers in England than from any description I could send. It seems to me that the attack from the first has been conducted on an entirely wrong principle, and that instead of concentrating our fire on one or two of the weakest points, we have been attempting to batter them on all sides; and they, being so much better supplied with guns and ammunition, have certainly as yet got much the best of it. I suppose we kill more by our fire than they

do with theirs, because our balls often go into the town, whereas theirs never reach our camp; but I have no hesitation in saying that their practice is much better than ours.

It is the opinion of a great many that the town ought to have been stormed on the second day after our fire commenced, and there is no doubt that we have never had so good an opportunity since. I feel almost certain that these new guns we are bringing up will not be able to silence them, and that eventually we shall carry the place by assault, with, of course, great loss. I hear that Lord Raglan's staff are laying even bets that the place falls before Christmas, and I think I shall endeavour to lay out a little money with them. The news that Lord Raglan is made a Field-Marshal arrived here to-day.

I have not yet seen the despatches relative to the battle of Inkerman, but everyone assures me that it was the most dreadful

scene of confusion, and only won by the desperate and unflinching valour of our men. For example, men of the 28th, 46th, and Grenadier Guards were fighting side by side; and these were not only of different regiments, but actually of different divisions.

About 12 or 1 o'clock in the day poor Sir George Cathcart turned round to Dallas (whom he knew intimately), and said, 'Dallas, I believe all is lost. We must try the bayonet!' They were then within about forty yards of the Russians. Dallas took the *five* men next him and attempted, as he described, 'to boil up a little charge.' But when he got within about ten yards of the Russians, finding himself totally unsupported, he ran back again as fast as he came; extraordinary to say, he got back untouched, although he says that every man in the Russian line seemed to be firing point-blank. Three out of his five men were killed, and Sir George was shot at the same moment.

A young ensign of ours named Townsend, who only joined at Windsor about a week before he sailed for the Crimea, of course knew nothing about drill or commanding men; but, as he was accustomed to shooting, he took the first firelock he could get and fired away steadily all day, and, as he is a good shot, he no doubt did good execution.

Ninety men were picked out of the division the other day for sharpshooters, and I was appointed to command them, but have heard nothing more about it since; and we have done no duty in the sharpshooting line as yet, but go to the trenches like the rest.

I did Brigade-Major's duty for two or three days whilst Garrett was sick, and I do not think I would accept the post now if it was offered to me. To do it properly one can never leave the camp for more than two or three hours at a time, and has to be up every morning at four o'clock. An aide-de-camp, however, has a very pleasant post.

I dare say you will read a good deal in the papers about the extraordinary privations the officers are suffering here. This is nonsense; I do not consider that the officers are suffering more than any reasonable man may expect to suffer in a campaign; the difference between what they suffer and what the men suffer is the difference between life and death. They (the officers) have to remain sometimes twelve hours in snow and sleet, but they always find a dry bed and some hot tea with ham and biscuit ready on their return; and if they cannot endure this without grumbling they are not fit to be soldiers. But with the unfortunate men it is very different. They come home soaking wet, have no change of clothing, and often nothing to eat but some dry biscuit, with a glass of rum. Even when sick they have no beds, but are obliged to lie on the damp mud in their tents; so that it is quite surprising to me that the mortality should be so small.

Our commissariat department seems to have broken down almost entirely, and we are obliged now to send fatigue parties daily to Balaclava to bring up the food; and it is a fact that the French, although they have an army of 70,000 men to attend to, have undertaken within the last few days to carry our sick to Balaclava, our own ambulance department being quite insufficient.

Dec. 12.

Since I commenced this letter the weather has been most beautiful, and reminds one of the Indian summer in Canada, being warm and dry without much sun. This is certainly a most capricious climate, as three weeks ago we had tremendous tempests of snow and sleet, and a week ago hard frost. Our sickness has not, however, decreased at all, and since I commenced this letter two days ago, we have buried ten men and had several wounded. I have it from most excellent authority that the French have got

147 guns and mortars in position, almost all of which are masked, and of the existence of which it is believed the Russians are ignorant. They say that they will be ready to assault after one or two days' fire, and are only waiting now for us to get our guns into position. They wish us to assault one part of the town at the same time, but I doubt if this is possible, as we are too weak both in guns and men. I have all this from Colonel Dacres, who commands the English artillery here, and who went round the French lines himself and saw the guns.

Amateurs are not allowed to visit the French entrenchments. It is rumoured also that the French have mined extensively, but I cannot find out whether this is true or not.

I have made one or two nice acquaintances amongst the French officers, but have very little time to see them. One in particular, the Baron de Noé, Lieut.-Colonel in the

Chasseurs d'Afrique, is a very nice fellow. He is not much like the generality of Frenchman, being a large sleepy kind of man, until something rouses him. He spends most of his time lying on his bed smoking, and never moves out of his bed if he can help it, being, as he says, 'effrayé par la boue.' He gets quite excited when talking of the battle of Balaclava, having been especially pleased with the charge of the heavy cavalry. It was, as he says, 'avec les rangs serrés, ce que je n'ai jamais vu auparavant,' and certainly very different from their manner of fighting.

In their way they made a most brilliant charge on that day, having scrambled up a most precipitous hill in the face of a battery, and sabred the gunners at their guns. They are most perfect light cavalry with one exception, which is that their men are too large. Their little arab horses appear, however, to carry them with wonderful ease.

I have inquired a good deal about the fatal mistake of our light cavalry on that day, and have come to the conclusion that Captain Nolan really was to blame for it, which at first I had great doubts of. There is a good deal of truth in what the *Times* says about the feeling prevalent in the army that the cavalry had been backward during the campaign. Lord Lucan was called Lord Look-on, and many other jokes of the same kind were flying about concerning them, but it is nonsense to say that this was the cause of the fatal charge. There is no doubt that Nolan hated Lord Lucan, and that after he had delivered a wrong order, when questioned about it, he said in a most taunting manner: 'The enemy is before you, my lord, and you are ordered to advance, that's all;' and then placed himself alongside the leading squadron.

Lord Lucan is also much to blame for allowing himself to be taunted into such a

mistake. Nolan was mad upon the subject of what cavalry could do, and has several times been heard to say to his friends: 'Wait until I get the chance, and you shall see what they can do.' The actual loss to the army of the light cavalry was not so important as has been imagined, as many of the horses would have died of starvation if they had not been killed then; and as for the men, we bury three times the number every week and think nothing of it.

We had an alarm last night, and were all turned out about 1 o'clock. The Russians made a sortie, and attacked our guards on the Woronzoff road; the 46th had three men wounded by a shell.

The post-master here declares that every impediment is thrown in the way of officers sending their letters of the same date as Lord Raglan's despatches. I hope this is not true.

I wish you would inquire at Messrs.

Cox and Co. if letters for me could be forwarded by Lord Raglan's bag; some officers have got their letters in that way, and get them much earlier. A Mr. Maguire, who manages the 46th business there, would give you the information. If you could manage at times to send me a newspaper published just before the mail leaves it would be highly acceptable; I think the *Observer* is the best. I hope I shall hear from you soon; we have not yet received the letters which arrived on the 10th.

TO HIS BROTHER ARCHIBALD.

Camp before Sebastopol,
Dec. 17.

The weather has become dreadfully bad again, but is not very cold, and if it lasts I don't see when we are to get our guns into position; the artillery speak confidently of their all being in position in a week.

The night before last was the worst we have had yet, the rain, hail, and snow never having ceased the whole night. I think we must defer the capture of Sebastopol until about January 10, but I am convinced that between this time and that a desperate attempt will be made to carry it; the 46th Regiment will have little to do with it, as the regiment is utterly ruined.

I will give you some statistics about the regiment, which will perhaps give you some idea of the waste of life going on here. Our nominal strength here is 900 men. The detachments that went out before us amounted to 250 (of whom we found when we arrived here about 100 fit for duty); the number we landed on the 8th was 706, and we have since then received a draft of 34, making a total of 990 men landed in the Crimea since September. We have to-day 339 fit for duty—that is to say, who can carry their firelocks a couple of miles with-

out fainting—out of these we can only furnish for the trenches 271, the rest being engaged as servants, hospital attendants, etc. It is impossible to say what number of the non-effectives are dead, as they get thrown overboard in the Black Sea, or die at Scutari, and we get no return of them; but I should think that 200 is not very far from the truth. Of these probably about 30 have been killed in action and the trenches, so you see what a small proportion of an army fall by the sword in war.

I must allow that no regiment has suffered like ours. We came at the very worst time, just as the food began to run short and when the work was hardest, and being fresh from England they thought that we could do anything, and gave us more than our due proportion of work. Starvation has been the principal cause of disease. I cannot say who is to blame for it, but the state of our commissariat is perfectly dis-

graceful; the most thoughtless subaltern in the army foresaw that the creaking old arabas and bullocks could not bring up the provisions when the roads became bad, and yet, although within twenty-four hours' sail of Sinope, where there are lots of animals to be got, no provision was made. The French, on the contrary, are amply supplied with everything.

To Mrs. Russell.

Camp before Sebastopol,
Dec. 26.

We had no deaths yesterday, with the exception of a man through whose chest a shell passed without exploding, being the first day for at least a month that we have been without one or two deaths. As for the siege, it is making no progress whatever, and we (the English) never fire a shot now. The Russians also fire very little at present, but are working like ants at Sebastopol, making

abattis, chevaux de frise, barricades, etc., with guns sweeping every street, so that it will be a pretty job to get into it, but I feel convinced, and so does every man in the army, that we shall get in sooner or later.

I cannot even guess at what our plans are at present; a short time ago I was sure that the attack would come off about January 1, as we were working tremendously to get a number of new guns into position, but within the last few days we have given up these exertions, and now everything is going on as languidly as before.

Dec. 22.

I was obliged to leave off writing on the 20th, and now resume. I am very much obliged for your offers to send me anything I want, but I hope you will not trouble yourself about my necessities. I really am very well off for everything. I came out with an excellent kit, and have got pea-coats, blankets, waterproofs, etc., of the best description.

Robert is also going to send me his buffalo robe, so that if anybody survives the winter I ought to; in the matter of eatables we are also pretty well off, being generally able to get hams or preserved meats at about double the English price. I am fortunate in having a subaltern whose careful mother keeps us well supplied with tea, arrowroot, and other delicacies.

On the night of the 21st the Russians made rather a ferocious attack on the English advanced posts (both the right and left), and, although beaten back, I regret to say they got considerably the best of it.

I have not heard the particulars of what happened on the right, but opposite us the 50th, who were on duty at the time, had 1 officer (Möller) mortally wounded; 2 officers, Captain Frampton and Lieutenant Clarke, taken prisoners (they are both supposed to be dead), 14 men killed, 14 wounded, and 11 missing; the Russians carried away all

their dead and wounded except five. You will probably see a full account of it in the papers, and will know more about the attack on the right flank than I shall until I see the English papers.

There is no duty I dislike so much as having command of the advanced post at night. If it happens to be bright moonlight it is all very well, but on a dark night, such as most nights are here, the incessant visiting of sentries, the constant straining of one's eyes into the gloom, and painful listening for footsteps, is most irksome, and almost enough to drive a nervous man mad. It is within three or four hundred yards of the large Russian battery called the 'Redan,' and they fire grape and canister at you at uncertain intervals throughout the night, in the hope of catching someone walking outside the shelter. Even in the daytime it is not a very pleasant place, as they pitch shells at you from morning till dusk, and you could not show the

palm of your hand above the parapet without having half a dozen bullets at it; but then, there is not that dreadful responsibility and anxiety there is at night.

My health continues excellent, and, in fact, the work officers have to do here is not such as ought to hurt a strong constitution. We have at present four or five officers sick, some of them dangerously; they are all young lieutenants and ensigns, and have all gastric fever, a complaint almost unknown amongst the men.

I have not got anything more to write about; our life is so dreary that I wonder sometimes that I am able to fill up a letter. We waddle down to the trenches every other day or night, and in the morning or evening waddle slowly back again with one or two wretched fellows killed or wounded. We acquire the gait I call waddling from the slipperiness of the ground and the quantity of clothes we have to carry.

The climate has as yet been very much the same as the climate of Mull in winter, plenty of rain and storm, but no cold to hurt one who is properly clad. They say, however, we shall have it ten degrees below zero, and from my experience of Canada I do not think the army can exist here (in tents, and without firewood) if such is the case.

There is a shameful want of foresight shown regarding the means of transport. How different is everything with the French army, which is in beautiful order and comparative comfort!

I have thought of something that would be very useful to me, namely, a patent lever knife for opening cases of preserved meats. At present I am obliged to open the cases with my sword and a mallet.

Tell Francis that I have not yet seen St. Clair (57th) although he belongs to the same division. I will be very glad to do what I can for Mr. Watson, which will, how-

ever, be very little. I suppose he will be chiefly with the Highland Brigade, which is seven miles from us, and which I have not yet been able to visit.

To his Brother John.

Camp before Sebastopol,
Jan. 1, 1855.

I write to you through an amanuensis (Hammond), and to tell you that I would have written by the last two mails if I had not been put *hors de combat* by an attack of a sort of rheumatic fever, which has given me great pain, and completely prostrated me. The attack has not been of a dangerous description, as the pains have not attacked either my chest or joints. I hope to be able to write myself the next mail, but if not someone else shall. The extraordinary lassitude and want of appetite is what I suffer from most, not being able to turn in my bed sometimes without assistance; and nothing more

than a spoonful or two of arrowroot have I eaten for the last sixty hours. I feel better to-day than I have been yet, and the fever has almost left me; the doctors think that I shall be up in a day or two for a short time. All the officers have been most kind and attentive to me. Extraordinary as it may appear, I was taken ill during the very fine weather, and when I was doing no hard work.

Many, many thanks for all your kindnesses in sending me so many handsome presents.

To his Brother John.

Camp before Sebastopol,
Jan. 5, 1855.

I keep my promise of writing, although I am barely fit for it, but I do not like that my friends should be frightened; I am still confined to bed, and very weak. I have had a sharp attack of 'Crimean fever,' the doctors have no other name for it.

To-morrow I am to go to Balaclava to live in the house of a Dr. Franklyn, formerly in the regiment, and where I shall be well taken care of. I have been nursed most attentively by my servant and all the officers, who have been most kind to me. My wants have been few, as water is almost the only thing I had any relish for; tea, arrowroot, sago, etc., were all most nauseous to me. I dare say I shall recover rapidly in a house; do not, however, depend upon hearing from me by every mail, as the officers' letters are often left behind.

Things are going on very badly here, and I can hardly imagine what will be the end. The cold last night was very great. I do not know what the thermometer was, but I should think between 10° and 15°; several officers have been smothered by charcoal. I have received Anna's letter; I wish I was able to write at greater length. You are all of you repeatedly in my thoughts.

To his Brother John.

Steamer 'Tonning,'
Balaclava Harbour,
Jan. 8.

After I last wrote to you I lay several days in bed in camp, whilst endeavours were being made to procure conveyance for me to Balaclava, where, as I told you, I was to live with a Dr. Franklyn. However, I believe I might have been there another month before anything could have been found, so I was packed on to a pony, and with one man to keep me on and another to lead the animal, I arrived safely at Balaclava without further inconvenience than having my feet nearly frozen.

When I got to Dr. Franklyn's house I found that he had made a new arrangement for me, as he thought his house (which is a miserable little Greek tenement consisting of two uncarpeted rooms) would be but a poor

place to keep me. He has a brother who commands the steamer *Tonning*, which runs backwards and forwards for stores, etc., and got me a berth on board of her. She is not one of the regular ships for sick officers, and there is only one other officer (a friend of the Captain's) on board. I have a warm cabin, most attentive steward and stewardess, and every comfort that can be wished for. I only came here yesterday, yet I can already walk about and feel quite a different person; I have not yet recovered my appetite, and can take nothing except broth; but I have no doubt I shall soon recover it.

The *Tonning* sails the day after to-morrow for some place in the Sea of Marmora, and I am going in her, although it is entirely against orders; but as my friend, Dr. Franklyn, and Colonel Garrett are the only two who can make any noise about it, and they both counsel me to go, I should be a fool to object. My leave is for three weeks to re-

main on board ship at Balaclava, but it can make little difference whether I spend it in the harbour or cruising about.

The *Tonning* expects to be back at Balaclava in less than ten days; the Captain has some intention of going to some celebrated hot baths (in Thessaly, I think), which he says will set me up completely. You can hardly fancy what luck I am in to get into such quarters; the sick officers generally are huddled into sick-ships without any attendance, and are often in want of the commonest necessaries.

When I left the camp things were in a terrible state in the 4th Division; the regiments are gradually dwindling down to nothing; the 63rd had only *seven* men fit for duty the day I left. There is, however, no fear, I think, of the siege being raised, as the French can keep the ground even if all the English perish.

I have received Archy's parcel, and cannot

thank him sufficiently for the articles it contains. The boots and gloves are absolutely perfection; I had no idea such articles were made, and I almost long to go to the trenches to try them. The boots fit me perfectly. Your joint parcel with Robert has also arrived, and I expect to get it this evening. The buffalo robe will be very useful when I go back to camp; as I do not know what you have sent, I cannot comment on them. I have never yet half written to thank Archy, Robert, and yourself for your presents; my illness must be my excuse; I am, I assure you, most grateful.

The few dying artillery horses left are still dragging up guns and ammunition, and there is no doubt that sooner or later an attack will be made, principally with 13-inch mortars. I cannot pretend to say when, but have no doubt I shall be well in time to see it.

P.S.—Your box has just come on board, and I had it opened in order to let you know

what I thought of the contents. I was indeed surprised at what you had described as a few small articles that you thought might be useful; there is nothing in the box that I would not have given with pleasure three times the English price for. The little black cap is a great treasure; the gloves are only surpassed by Archy's; the sausages will create great excitement in camp. But what could have induced you to send such a quantity of wax vesta matches? They are almost any value, as they are not to be got at all out here. They are the only sort that will stand the damp tents, and you may expect to hear of my tent being broken open and myself assassinated for the value of these matches; you may rest assured, dear John, that your selections have been admirable, and the present most acceptable.

A rumour has just come on board that by an alteration in the regulations our letters are late for this mail. If it is true it is too vexatious,

and appears wilful on the part of the authorities. I must now seal up in hopes the letter may yet get into the bag.

To Mrs. Russell.

'Tonning,'
Off Koolalee,
Jan. 16, 1855.

I had just recovered from my illness sufficiently to be able to read a letter when I received a whole bundle, and I think if anything would have cured me at the time that would. The one I valued most among them, dear Jane, was yours (of December 21), and I hope I may receive many more from you. I cannot thank you sufficiently for the trouble and expense you have been at to add to my comforts, and if not one among the articles you have sent was the slightest use, it would still make me happy to think how much I am cared for.

I dare say you would now like to hear

something about my illness. I suppose, up to the day I was taken ill, no one in the Crimea had enjoyed for two months better health than I had. The weather had been quite fine for about a week, and I went to bed early one night (I forget the date) as I was for duty in the trenches at 4 o'clock next morning.

The day was very fine indeed, and I was sent in command of the advanced post, a place I like exceedingly on a fine day, as it is interesting to watch with a telescope what is going on in Sebastopol, from which you are only 900 yards distant. I passed the early part of the day pleasantly enough, chatting to some French tirailleurs, who came over to shoot from our post, and watching the practice they made. But about the middle of the day I felt rather heavy, and when I tried to eat my dinner I found I had no appetite whatever. After that I got more sleepy and was obliged to doze a little; at

7 o'clock I was relieved and marched home (about three miles). I was so tired going this short distance that I really thought I should have fallen down before I reached the tents When I got in there were one or two officers in my tent, and they, seeing the state I was in, sent for a doctor. I got a powder and some hot tea, and was put to bed. I slept the night soundly, and woke in the morning with my pulse at 120. During the day I got worse and rheumatic pains came on, and the next three days were, I think, the most weary I ever passed in my life.

The yellow fever was nothing to it, as I was then delirious all the time and suffered nothing; but here the pain used to accumulate every half-hour or so on the under side, and I was too weak to turn myself, and my servant, or some officer, had to do it for me. I had such a burning thirst that I drank water every five minutes, yet never could satisfy it. In fact, I suffered as everybody

does who has rheumatic fever, but not near so badly as I have seen poor Dugald suffer at Knock.

Beyond the discomfort of a camp-bed and the rain at times coming in on me, I had nothing to complain of more than if I had been in a house. I was attended with the greatest care, and had always an officer sitting with me. I had tea, arrowroot, sago, lemonade, and all sick delicacies, but they were wasted on me, as I cared for nothing but water, which I sucked up through the pipe of a patent holster hunting-flask to save me raising my head.

I just got convalescent in time, as the frost came on so hard that it was soon impossible to keep anything unfrozen by my bedside. Application was made in every quarter for conveyance to take me to Balaclava, and after waiting three days in bed my friends thought it would be better to wrap me well up, put me on a pony, and let me be led down.

You will have seen from my last letter to John what good fortune I was in, in getting a berth on board this vessel, where I have been most kindly treated. When I wrote to John all rheumatic pains had left me, and although very weak I felt so well that I thought I should be all right in a day or two. But the day after I wrote a return of fever and pains warned me that I had been too sanguine, and I now know that I cannot quite recover under a month, perhaps more.

My relapse only lasted twenty-four hours, but threw me back several days. I am now getting on very well. I have some slight rheumatic pains about me, but I eat a pretty good breakfast and dinner, and my appetite is improving every day; my only medicine is port wine and quinine. My chief trouble at present is a kind of cramp in the right calf, which I have had for several days, and which quite lames me.

The steamer did not go down the Sea of

Marmora as the Captain expected, but had her orders changed on arriving at Constantinople, and is now taking in cattle at a village, Koolalee, on the Bosphorus. We have had rain and snow the whole trip, and I have never been on deck since the day I came on board. We shall probably go back to Balaclava to-morrow morning.

Jan. 17.

Still waiting for cattle at Koolalee, the snow having been so deep on the hills that very few have been able to get down. I quite dread to hear what will be the condition of the army when we get back to Balaclava. When I left the men were suffering terribly, and many had been frost-bitten. There is a very prevalent impression in the army (which I share) that Lord Raglan does not hear the truth, and that those about him are in the habit of making things pleasant to him; but as Commander-in-Chief he should see into such matters

himself, and know the state the army is in. The want of transport has destroyed more lives and caused more misery than all other mistakes put together. I have seen our men after having come back from the trenches, and having barely time to eat some biscuit and coffee, sent off to Balaclava to bring up rations, warm clothing, blankets, etc. They would return at night after their fourteen-mile tramp through the mud, and throw themselves down on the floor of their tents as if they were dead, so exhausted, that even if their dinners had been got ready for them, many of them could not have eaten a morsel. Next morning probably one-third of them would be in hospital, and the remainder for the trenches the following evening.

The day after the battle of Inkerman, and even before it, every man with one grain of sense could foresee that Sebastopol would not fall for two or three months, and that we must spend part of the winter, at

least, there. Notwithstanding this, as far as I can see, not one single preparation was made for it. If each regiment had been furnished with two or three hundred short poles and a few entrenching tools, they could have hutted themselves in a week. The proper hut for this country is merely a long narrow hole about eight feet deep and eight feet broad, and merely wants wall enough above the surface to be able to form eaves to the roof to let the water run off.

"I do not think a single mule was bought, although even in the fine weather we were very insufficiently supplied, and lived as it were from hand to mouth, never being able to bring up more than one day's rations. Yet with the whole coast of Asia Minor teeming with ponies and barley, within forty-eight hours' sail of us, and such vessels as the *Jason* and *Simla* (which could bring over 300 at each trip) lying in the harbour of Balaclava, it is scarcely credible that not

one single animal was brought. Somewhere about the beginning of December 250 mules arrived, being a totally insufficient number. Our cavalry, with their dying horses, were then set to work to carry biscuit, an occupation which killed them (the horses) at the rate of about twenty a day. When one sees our commissariat mules one sees a set of half-starved dying animals savagely thrashed along by Poles, Bulgarians, Tartars, and every sort of blackguard. What a contrast in the French animals! They pass our camp in long lines of hundreds daily, they walk in a row, every mule as fat and sleek as if he were a pet, and stepping along cheerfully with a quick and rapid step. To every three mules there is a workmanlike, well-appointed Frenchman, a soldier who, when he has nothing else to do, chats to his mules as if they were his friends. This is only one of the points in which they beat us; it is the same in everything.

You will perhaps be rather surprised when I give you my opinion that the English army is virtually destroyed. They can stand behind trenches and pull a trigger, or they could again muster up endurance to fight a second battle of Inkerman; but for anything like a campaign they are utterly useless. We have not a battery of artillery in the army that could bring its guns into action. I am certain that I am not exaggerating when I say that 400 of the London mounted police would utterly overthrow our whole cavalry force. Our only stand-by is the French; they are still an army, and in first-rate order; their cavalry officers' horses have, of course, suffered greatly, as all civilized horses must do in this country; but their 2,000 Chasseurs d'Afrique are in as fine order as if they had never left Algeria. I wonder what Lord Raglan thinks when he contrasts the two armies.

If I were to set to work and try to write

about all the mistakes and blunders made in our different departments here, I should fill a tolerable volume. They are endless. Those in the medical department, though not worse than others, are more dreadful in their consequences. Doctors will tell you how they have been suddenly ordered on board a ship to take charge of 300 men across the Black Sea; how the men would lie on the hard boards in every form of cholera, dysentery, and fever, with not one atom of medicine to give them, and two or three drunken pensioners to attend on them. In the morning the doctors and the pensioners would go round picking out the dead from the living, and throwing them overboard. It is not one man will tell you this story, but twenty. —

If you fancy horrors, I will give you a little story about Russian prisoners, which may give you some idea of the horrors of war. I will give it to you as I heard it

from Dr. Franklyn as near as possible in his own words.

'I was sitting in my room one afternoon, having had rather a hard morning's work, and thinking I had now time to write a letter, when an orderly came in and said: "Sir, there's 168 wounded Rooshians down below, and I was to tell you you is to take care of 'em." I said, "Oh, very well;" and the orderly went away. I scratched my head a little, and at last I thought it was no use doing that, so I walked down to see the Russians. I found 168 men in a sort of barn, lying *like sandwiches*. There were men with their legs lying across their chests, and their hands forced into their bodies and shot through the lungs, and, in fact, every mutilation of the human form you can conceive. Well, I scratched my head again, and then I went up to the invalid battalion and got a fatigue party, and we carried about half of them up to the Greek Church and

laid them out there, and we got the others into some sort of a row. There were eight young surgeons landed that day from the *Prince* and put under my orders, so I sent for them. Well, they did well, those youngsters. They worked away and their knives got blunt, and they worked away all the harder, and they performed hip-joint operations, and cut out bullets a foot deep, and there weren't as many dead as you'd have thought. Well, after this there was nothing for these wretches to lie on and nothing to give them to eat, and so they died very fast; and the gangrene broke out among those in the barn, and *they all died;* but some five-and-forty in the Greek Church pulled through, and we sent them away yesterday, and on the whole I think we did pretty well."

I have shortened this story as much as possible, in order to get it within the bounds of a letter; but do you not think that there

is material in it for the *Invalide Russe* to write a pretty strong article touching English barbarians, etc. ?

Jan. 18.

Still at Koolalee, but expect to get off to-night. We have on board two sick officers beside myself, a Captain Morgan, 17th Lancers, and a Dr. Mathews; both very nice agreeable fellows. There is not a shade of difference of opinion amongst us touching the manner in which the war has been carried on, and we grumble and growl on the subject all day long. I am not one of those fellows who blindly abuse Lord Raglan; I believe him to be a man of no ordinary talent. He filled the situation of Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief (and was, indeed, almost Commander-in-Chief himself) in a way that perhaps no other man in England could have done. He writes admirable despatches, and with a modesty that captivates people. They say that he never con-

sults his Generals — I am sure I do not wonder at it. I declare I would as soon ask the advice of one of your little girls on any point as I would that of ——, the present commander of the — Division.

If Lord Raglan had the genius of the Duke of Wellington, he would find it a hard matter to make things work properly in the army. There are many reasons against it. There is the Staff, who are almost entirely chosen from family influence, and are a fine dashing set of fellows, *et voilà tout!* Then there is the great age of all the heads of our departments, and of many holding important situations. Fancy the head of the commissariat department being upwards of seventy years of age! What would be thought of a private company who wanted, for instance, to work a mine in a dangerous part of South America, and who chose for the head of the expedition a man seventy years of age? Everyone would say they were mad. I

think the first reform in the English army ought to be to sweep on to half-pay everyone beyond the age of fifty-nine. Thirdly, there is to contend with the cumbrous forms and applications which a long peace has inflicted on us. 'Why,' said a surgeon to me the other day, 'if I had a knife and a piece of wood, it would be shorter and easier for me to make a splint than to draw one from the purveyor.'

I am told that the sick of the French army amount to three thousand some hundreds, their army being about 100,000 strong, whilst our sick amount to nearly 13,000. I will not answer for the correctness of these figures, although I believe in them. I think one great cause of the difference is the diet. A French soldier gets as part of his ration peas and beans, a nice something to make into soup. Our men, until quite lately, have had nothing of the kind. How men could be expected to keep in health on salt meat,

biscuit, and coffee, is to me a marvel. About a week before I left camp an allowance of rice was added to the ration ; but this was not before scurvy had appeared to a considerable extent.

I think this would be the proper place to give you a little story about vegetables. About the end of November a rumour was spread that the men were to have vegetables, which we were all very glad to hear. At length it was positively known that three large steamers were in Balaclava harbour, with no less than £3,000 worth of vegetables on board. However, a fortnight passed, and no vegetables appeared in camp. At length one day there appeared an order that 'Captains of Companies might obtain vegetables for their men on application to the commissariat at Balaclava.' They might as well have told us we could obtain them in Covent Garden ; how on earth was a captain, who probably did not possess even a donkey, to

carry up vegetables daily for fifty or sixty men? The consequence was not a potato ever came up to camp. The Highland Brigade, being close to Balaclava, was the only part of the army that got supplied. At length the cabbages and turnips began to putrefy, and the captains of the ships became alarmed for the health of their crews, and shovelled the whole of their cargoes out on to the beach, or into the water alongside. Then all the Turks, infidels, and heretics about Balaclava came and helped themselves, but they could not exhaust the amount, and quantities remained to putrefy.

When breakfasting with my friend, Colonel de Noé, he gave me potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel*, and told me how he became possessed of them. He was riding in Balaclava one day and saw Turks, etc., helping themselves to vegetables, and he thought he might as well come in for his share. So he at once sent down three or four of his

African chasseurs, and loading them, laid in a stock for the winter. He was very witty on the subject of 'ce cher John Bull qui donne des potatoes à tout le monde, hors ses propres soldats.'

The waste that has gone on out here is frightful. As an indignant doctor said to me, 'They might have fed the men on jugged hare and plovers' eggs with half the money that has been thrown away.'

I am glad you like my letters, but I think you overrated extremely the amount of experience I am likely to gain out here. It is certainly curious and instructive to watch how differently the characters of officers and men turn out to what you may have expected, but beyond this I do not see that there is much to gain. The vast amount of fatigue, misery, and death which is always before me here only begets a callousness which, I suppose, will disappear when one returns to a proper mode of life. The sight of a dead

body at present excites no more emotion in me than the sight of a dead beetle; I assure you I am not exaggerating. If such a thing excites a thought in me at all, I only think as Eothen did over the dead pilgrim, 'that he was rather well out of the scrape of being alive and poor.'

Jan. 19.

Still at Koolalee; the snow having killed many cattle on the road, we have been detained to get our proper number. They have, however, all arrived now, and as we shall be off to-night, I think I shall send this letter to Constantinople, and it will thereby probably reach far sooner than if I took it on to Balaclava. I have little else to tell you, save that I am getting on excellently well and have every hope of being at my duty early in February. My appetite has become quite wolfish; all rheumatic pains have left me, and my limbs are fast filling up to their original size. The cramp, or whatever it is,

sticks to my right leg and quite lames me, but is better.

I can tell you nothing of what is going on there, but the rumour has reached here that the men have been frost-bitten in great numbers. I see that all the correspondents from the army represent the Russians as being in a deplorable state. It certainly is natural to suppose so, but I have had no evidence to prove it to me. There are not many officers in the army who have watched the Russians in Sebastopol more closely than I have, and I have done so at very short distances and with an excellent telescope. I have never seen any of those signs of starvation so much talked about. I wish our poor fellows could be induced to work as the Russian working parties do; they seem to work together, and with a will, and without driving or hustling from their officers. I have been so close that I could watch every motion, and I have never seen the much-talked-of stick used,

nor indeed any sort of compulsion. Their guards march with a firm step, far better than our men, and not the least like diseased or famine-stricken troops.

I have no doubt that before long the attack on Sebastopol, with 13-inch mortars, will commence, as when I left every exertion was being made with the miserable means at our disposal to bring up the shot and shell, and many of the mortars were in position. I shall be very sorry to miss it, although I do not think it can be successful. The French had lent us a number of horses and men the day I left; they have been all ready for the attack for the last three weeks.

I received a long letter from Charles informing me of the death of our dear aunt, which indeed I had been expecting to hear of by every post. But the long expectation of it cannot decrease my sorrow at the event, which (speaking selfishly) is a great loss to me, as aunt always made me feel and

consider that her house at Weybridge was my English home.

I have now come to the end of my letter; I have just read it over, and am rather disgusted at the little I have put into seven sheets of paper. I do not think, moreover, that I can write another equally long until I go back to camp, as I can fill it up with nothing but grumbling, which you must now have had nearly enough of. So with best wishes to Francis, and love to yourself and the children, believe me, etc.

To Mrs. Russell.

Balaclava,
Feb. 1.

After finishing my last letter we sailed for Balaclava, and a most horrible passage we had, being five days at sea and blown to the north as far as Eupatoria. Luckily I never suffer from sea-sickness. We have been here about a week and sail again in a day or

two, I believe for Smyrna, to lay in sheep for the army. Although getting on very well, the medical board here at once decided that I was not fit for duty, and extended my leave to February 15. The doctors say they have hardly ever known anyone recover from so sharp an attack so quickly as I have. The cramp in my leg has left me altogether, and I now take a short walk on shore every day. I am going to take another trip in the vessel to Smyrna, although totally against orders, the Brigadier and the Medical Board agreeing to shut their eyes to the fact. So much for having friends at Court. In fact, the whole thing is in accordance with the state of disorganization in which the army is.

Things are going on a little better here. The 46th have about ninety-five men for duty now, but the number is rather increasing than decreasing. There is more warm clothing come out than we know what to do with. About ten days ago we lost nineteen men in

thirty-six hours, but they were all cases that had been some time ill, and were killed by one cold night. In the last six weeks 7,100 sick men have been shipped from here to Scutari, but in the last week the number has greatly decreased; we have now about 8,500 men doing duty, and about 2,000 on board ship and at Balaclava; where the other 40,000 are I can hardly say. I have seen many of the 46th officers; they are all in the rudest health; in fact, I never saw them looking better. We have, however, nine ill with fever on board ship. The privations of the officers have been greatly exaggerated, but the terrible misery that the men have gone through no language can describe. There was also a good deal written about vermin, but I have never heard of anything of the sort since the hot weather, and in all these countries the soil swarms with vermin in the summer.

I see that in England you are expecting

the assault to take place immediately, and here we thought some time ago that it was certain to take place in January. But our want of transport has totally prevented it, and now the more sanguine think it will take place in the middle of February, and a large proportion think it will not come off till March. In the meantime a peace may be patched up.

I will give you my opinion about assaulting, which you will take for what it is worth. I think three separate assaults must be made at once on the south side alone, and that the failure of any one of these assaults would be a very serious matter. The first assault will, I should think, be made by the French on Sebastopol proper; that is, on the part next the sea. This will be done either at the Quarantine or Flagstaff Batteries, probably the latter. After forcing either of these they are only in a suburb, and will have to take two walls by escalade. Supposing this to be

done, they get into the streets, every one of which is barricaded, and has guns sweeping it. After they have made their way through there they will be commanded by the upper guns of Fort Alexander, by an immense half-circular battery facing the water and which can turn its guns inwards at pleasure, by the Garden Battery, and by the right face of the Redan; Fort Alexander and the half-circular battery (to which I never heard anyone give a name) they do not seem to care much about, but between the Redan and Garden Battery, and them there is a deep gulf fixed in the shape of Careening Bay, about 300 yards wide and 50 feet deep. They depend on us to silence these two batteries, which I consider exceedingly unlikely.

The Garden Battery we might silence, but the Redan is a more terrible opponent. We have seen this fortification growing up day by day, until now it is frightful to look at.

The walls are 25 to 30 feet high; there is a deep and broad ditch in front of it, with palisades on the other side, and abattis on this (abattis are trees laid closely together, with their branches outwards); the whole place bristles with 32-pounders. It is finished off with a neatness that is quite provoking. The tompions are all in the guns; the sand-bags white and clean; the palisades as sharp as needles, and a neat gravel-path leads up to it. The part of Sebastopol in which these two last-named batteries are is the part for No. 2 assault, and will be taken by the English. I consider, however, that it is impossible they can take it without great assistance from the French. The third assault will have to be on the round tower and surrounding fortifications, which is in much the same state as the Redan; this will be taken by the French.

Such is my view of the assault, and with all its difficulties, if I were Commander-in-Chief, I would attempt it, because if we could

thoroughly breach the Redan, I have no doubt we could assault with success; and if in attempting it we have our batteries silenced (which I am much afraid of) we shall be no worse off than we were before, and should have to wait until the railroad is finished, when we might bring up 500 13-inch mortars and not leave one stone standing on another in the whole place.

I have left Fort Constantine, the Star Fort, and the line-of-battle ships out of my calculation, as I think our navy could keep the former quiet; the second is too far off, and the ships, with the exception of two, have no guns in them.

Feb. 2.

The *Kangaroo* has not yet made her appearance, but will, I suppose, be in before we return. I have not heard of any packages forwarded by Hayter and Howell going astray; our letters also come pretty regularly, but I have never yet received a

single newspaper. For Archy's information I must tell you that I have got a very good English horse and pack-saddle, so there is no fear of any articles of mine remaining in Balaclava for want of transport.

I can assure you that at present Lord Raglan is in most comfortable quarters, whatever he was when Mr. Cadell was here. Those who have been there say that he is as comfortable as if in Bond Street. He gets large consignments every week from Constantinople of game, vegetables, and confectionery. These, with the aid of a French cook, make his life endurable to him. I never heard him spoken of as haughty or discourteous—quite the contrary. He has been out daily visiting the different divisions, and went to the hospitals at Balaclava twice a week. Here is an anecdote about him which I will relate to you, as it shows how systematically the real state of affairs has been concealed from him. I have

the following from the very best authority. About January 20 a certain Dr. Pyne, who had lately been removed from the medical charge of the 4th Division to the same post in the 3rd, being utterly disgusted with the apathy with which his letters and remonstrances had been received, wrote a very strong statement to Lord Raglan, mentioning circumstances that had taken place in both divisions, and winding up by saying that if the men were not better fed, better clothed, and less worked, it was a mere arithmetical calculation when the last man would expire. Lord Raglan was very angry, rode up in person to Dr. Pyne's tent, used very unparliamentary language, and finished by saying that if Pyne could not prove all he had said, he would try him by court-martial. Dr. Pyne answered, 'That is all I desire, my lord.' A court of inquiry was assembled, and Lord Raglan also made inquiries himself. The result of this was

that two days afterwards Lord Raglan came up again to Dr. Pyne's tent, apologized to him for the language he had used, said that so far from exaggerating Dr. Pyne had understated the truth, and that he was shocked at the things he had discovered. So far so good, but I maintain that if he had done his duty he would have put —— and —— in arrest, or at least superseded them.

There was a terrible attack on the French lines the night before last, and it is said that hundreds were killed on both sides, but I never believe in numbers killed here. I am sorry to say that our destination is changed, and that we go to Sinope instead of Smyrna; an attack is expected on the English trenches very soon. The French expected an attack yesterday on the right, and a detachment of them 20,000 strong passed the English camp in magnificent order. The Russians made a feint on Balaclava (or, as we call it Bally-

clava) to-day, but alarmed nobody. Balaclava is much improved by the articles in the *Times* and a new commandant to it.

The mail leaves this evening, so I must finish my letter. I have received your letter giving me an account of the articles in your box, and will go over them one by one and give you my opinion on them. All the eatables, you may depend upon it, will be very welcome, especially the cheese and the bacon, neither of which I have been able to get good since I came out here. Twine will be useful; needles, thread, and buttons, I have a superfluity of. Towels and silk handkerchiefs very useful; socks ditto, as mine are just wearing out. The comforters, and black and white shirt, will be very welcome. The wash-leather shirt, I have one already; the cotton drawers will not be of much use, and the worsted leggings and gutta-percha soles I cannot answer for until I have tried them. Fur gloves I have

already two pairs of. The hardware will be very useful, as it will save my tin kettles; but if they are at all heavy I should have to leave them behind when we move. The Etna will be most useful in winter or summer, peace or war. The sketch-book, I am sorry to say, will be useless; I brought three out with me, and have only done two very rough sketches. One of Mrs. Russell's flannel dresses at least will be very useful pray thank her warmly for me. I shall be very glad to get the map of Sebastopol. I cannot imagine what sort of thing a map of Balaclava is. To correct them is quite beyond my talents.

Custine's 'Russia' I have never read, and Fanny gave me a most diminutive Prayer-book, from which I have read the burial service over many a poor fellow. I think this completes the list, and I think you may congratulate yourself on the choice of articles. If any of your acquaintances are

in perplexity as to what they might send out to their friends, tell them not to send any more warm clothing except socks; the best boots are ankle-boots, or what the swells in England wear out hunting, commonly called Peel boots. Hams, bacon, cheese, and Bologna sausages (if of the best possible quality, as we can get plenty of second-rate articles) will be very welcome; also tea, and Buckley and Moore's patent concentrated chocolate and milk, wax matches, and an Etna. Marmalade is the only preserve in demand here. However, so many ships are arriving that I think there will soon be a glut in the market. I have worn a waistcoat John sent me every day since it arrived here. It is not worth while sending out here cayenne, mustard, or such articles, as it matters little whether we pay one shilling or ten for a bottle that will last three months.

To his Brother John.

Steamer 'Tonning,'
Balaclava,
Feb. 16.

At present the men are getting very tolerably fed, as they get preserved potatoes, rice, onions, and lime-juice, and now they have got their sheepskin coats they don't care a straw for the weather. If this had only been done three months ago, we might now have had 30,000 men before Sebastopol.

There is no fear of my not being able to get the vegetables up to camp. I have bought something of the same sort at Kamiesch Bay; it is called 'produits de l'usine,' and is prepared by Chollet et Cie. It is sold in little cakes at a franc apiece, a cake being about enough soup or vegetables for two. Those I bought were very good, especially the Julienne soup.

They are also now getting a little firewood,

but not nearly enough, the want of transport being still very great. Not long ago our men were actually using their meat, dried in strips, for fuel to cook their coffee with. I do not mean to say that this was generally done, but it has often been seen.

We now muster ninety-four men for duty, but we are certainly gaining on the leak, as we were once as low as seventy. The men we have also are in good health and spirits, having sheepskin coats and long boots.

I am sorry to tell you that I cannot give you so good an account of myself as I did when last I wrote. I am not in a very bad way, as you will judge when I tell you that my usual breakfast consists of a plate of hashed mutton or curry, two eggs, and half a dozen slices of bread and butter. My dinner is in proportion, but, nevertheless, what I gain by day I lose at night, as I have violent fits of perspiration, which come on generally at 4 o'clock in the morning, and are very

annoying. By way of medicine I take strong doses of sulphuric acid and quinine—most horrible stuff, which feels whenever I take it as if it was taking all the enamel off my teeth. I can't see either that it does me any good, and I intend if it does not have any effect in two or three days more to heave the bottle overboard. I can't believe that strong doses of mineral acid are good for anything living. I have also been troubled for some days with a severe pain down each side of my left shin, but I have just succeeded in discomfiting that by rubbing in chloroform and oil. The doctors want me to go to Malta for change of air, and if I am no better after my next trip to Constantinople I think I shall do so.

My leave has been extended to March 10

Fyffe has had fever, and is to go home to England. Vesey is gone to England to command the depôt, and Maxwell is also ill with fever, so that we are badly off for field-officers. Maxwell has not had a bad attack,

as he had no rheumatic pains, and is now in a fair way for recovery. I saw him the day before he was taken ill; he was in the rudest health, his cheeks like cherries, and his nose like the sunny side of a plum.

I see a good deal of discrepancy in the statements of the force fit for duty here, even Mr. Roebuck placing them as high as 14,000 men. You may take my word for it that we have not 9,000 men at present doing duty, and I have this from excellent authority, namely, the chief medical man in Balaclava, who sees the returns once a week. Bad as things are, however, I think they are taking too lugubrious a view of them in England. I see one paper recommending ships to be sent out to bring home the miserable remnant, and so on. I think we have now turned the corner. The health of the men improves daily, and with the regiments that we know are coming from England, and several thousand whom we expect from Scutari in the

spring, we shall be able to make a tolerable show. The rumour now is that nothing is to be done until the railroad is finished, which I should think will not be until the beginning of April. I see no reason then why we should not put all Woolwich on the heights and let it off at once, which I think would have a good effect.

The navvies that have been sent out are as great a set of blackguards as ever were brought together. I am told by those who came out with them that their behaviour on board ship was disgraceful. The fear of the Provost-Marshal keeps them in tolerable order here. The officers who are accustomed to see our soldiers work think they work wonderfully, but their own superiors say they are very lazy.

My last trip was to Sinope. I liked the looks of the place very much : it appeared to be a land flowing with milk and honey. The climate is very different from this, quite warm

and agreeable. There are no signs left of the massacre* except the hull of a corvette ashore on the eastern side of the bay, and the topmast of a line-of-battle ship sticking up in the middle.

I went ashore there and took a walk for a couple of hours with the Commissary. I wish I could have accepted his invitation to stay with him and have some shooting. He gave glowing accounts of the bears, wild boar, roe deer, pheasants, partridges, woodcock, ducks, and snipe, and even talked of a chance of a red deer in the mountains. I asked him if baggage animals could be bought there in any quantity. His answer was that the French had taken away 400 only the month before, and that there were at that moment 740 bringing down barley for him, all of which might be bought at prices varying from £5 to £12. I asked about forage,

* The destruction of the Turkish fleet by the Russians at Sinope, on the 30th November, 1853.

and he said he would engage to supply 8,000,000 lb. in the next two months. Would you believe that not one pack-horse has been bought there by the English, although it is only twenty-one hours' steam from Balaclava?

I heard a day or two ago a pleasant story about the commissariat. When we were in our greatest distress there came a Spaniard from Barcelona with 300 splendid mules, which he had brought as a speculation. He offered them to our commissariat, asking a high price. Commissary-General Filder declined to give so much money, and the man was sent away. Next day they sent for him, and offered him what he asked. 'Oh,' said the man, 'you are too late. The French gave me the money the moment they saw the mules, and I am only sorry I did not ask them twice as much, they were so eager. I think it is hard to hold the Ministry responsible for such mistakes as these.

The most infamous proceeding I have heard of out here is an attempt to burke the proceedings of the medical committee sent out to inquire into the state of the hospitals. It may have been done in many instances, but I only know of one to my own knowledge. I think it would excite more indignation than anything that has yet been published if it were to appear in the *Times*. Some time towards the end of December a letter came to a surgeon of the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, from the committee, requesting information on various points about the field hospitals and the transport of the sick. The surgeon, who was highly indignant at all he had seen, sat down immediately to write a full and true account of what he knew. That evening there came out a Brigade order, commanding all surgeons not to answer any queries addressed to them on the subject of hospitals by anyone without due authority from Lord Raglan and the P. M. O.

The surgeon I first mentioned was rather astonished at this, and wrote to ask whether this applied to a certain committee sent out by order of the Secretary at War. The answer to this was a *Division* order by General Buller ordering that no questions should be answered without authority from Lord Raglan. This was of course sufficient for the surgeon, and he wrote to the committee forwarding copies of the orders, and telling them that he would have been most happy to have given them the information in question, but in the face of those orders it was quite impossible. The committee seem to have taken this very quietly, as they never even answered the surgeon's letter. I had this story from the surgeon's own lips, and he also showed me copies of the orders.

I am beginning to get tired of telling their misdoings out here. I must acknowledge, however, that they are improving a little, and that order is now being restored here.

The transport service is conducted in a manner utterly neglectful of the interests of the nation. More money is wasted on this department than on any other. Vessels costing the Government £150 a day lie for weeks doing nothing when there is plenty for them to do. Captain Christie had a large steamer, the *Harbinger*, given over to him, which cost the Government £48,000 a year, and which was used solely as his residence. Admiral Boxer now lives on board the *Oscar*, which costs about £22,000 a year, and which is also used solely as his residence. A very pretty house-rent to pay, when Generals are living in tents, and there are heaps of men-of-war doing nothing which would answer just as well.

I got Jane's box to-day from the *Kangaroo*. Everything was in excellent condition, and I have taken out a great many things for present use. I am also much obliged to you for the books and portable soup you are

sending by Du Cane. Also send my warmest thanks to Lilla for the mits.

P.S.—I believe Clarke in his description of the Crimea is not quite such a liar as people might imagine, for the naval officers who have been lately down in the direction of Aloushta say that the country looks most beautiful, orange-trees being in full blossom. There is no doubt that the winter even here is nearly over. Yesterday was absolutely hot, although there was a gale of wind blowing.

To Mrs. Russell.

Hotel de Bezance,
Constantinople,
Feb. 25, 1855.

We have been here now nearly a week, and I have been living ashore with the Captain of the *Tonning* and several others. I am able now to give you an excellent account of my own health, which improved very rapidly from the day I left Balaclava,

and, in fact, I now feel completely restored to health again, and fit to go to the trenches. The weather here is delightful, like the finest spring weather in England, and a most agreeable change after the constant fogs, frosts, and storms of the Crimea.

I have enjoyed my stay here extremely. We form a very pleasant party of five, living entirely on shore, and going heavily into the dissipations of Constantinople; and what with rides into the country, lunches at Dreichsman's, dinners at Misseri's, Turkish baths, and the opera four times a week, we manage to kill the time pretty well.

The only objection I have to my companions is that they are such extravagant fellows, and never can dine without champagne and woodcocks, and other expenses in proportion. However, everybody has plenty of money out here; even ensigns have their purses full of sovereigns, notwithstanding the high price of food at Balaclava.

The opera here is really very creditably managed, the singers being all Italian, and above the average. It is very well patronized, not only by the French and English, but also by the Greeks and Italians. Very few Turks are to be seen there, and no Turkish women; one sees some very beautiful faces among the Greek women there.

Times are changed now since the time when the Moslem scowled on the Frank, and it was dangerous for a man in a round hat to be seen in Stamboul. The true believer has to get out of the way of the infidel now, or he gets shoved aside in no gentle manner.

The Franks have literally taken the place by storm. The enormous number of transports and men-of-war fill the streets with sailors and their officers. Then there are the great number of convalescents, both French and English, and, to complete, there is at present a body of 8,000 French cavalry, who

swagger about as if the place belonged to them, and, indeed, some of them openly say that it will do so before long.

People who were here only six months ago are astonished at the change. New shops are opened; there are excellent hotels, and as good tables d'hôte as I ever saw in Italy. We expect to be here a few days more, as we have to take in 250 tons of coals, and also to repair the vessel in several places, as she has been run into by other vessels very often lately. When lying in Balaclava harbour about a fortnight ago we were run into four times in twenty-four hours. You can hardly imagine the crush of vessels at Balaclava at present; there is a perfect forest of masts, many of them the finest steamers the world can produce. With proper management, one-third of the number of vessels would do all the work of our army; but the transport service is managed with even a more reckless dis-

regard of expense than any other department. I am told that it will cost for this year £10,000,000, and I can well believe it.

Things were looking much better when I left Balaclava than they had been since the autumn. The men were getting a good allowance of potatoes and onions, and now that they have got their sheepskin coats, they do not care a straw for the weather. Our regiment can now muster about 130 men for duty, and will, I have no doubt, increase daily, as we shall always be getting drafts from England and convalescents from Scutari. The 46th is to be recruited to an enormous size, but I see very little prospect at present of our getting the men. Our nominal strength after April 1 will be 66 officers, 107 sergeants, and 2,000 rank and file.

I now take a most cheerful view of the war, and think that Sebastopol is certain to fall into our hands in the spring. I do not

believe that the Emperor Nicholas can feed and supply an army of more than 100,000 men before Sebastopol at any time of the year. By the middle of April I fully expect that the Allies will have an army of nearly double that number, and posted behind lines as strong as Torres Vedras. Our railway will also be finished by that time, so that we can take up half Woolwich Arsenal if we like; about two miles of the railway are already finished, and the men work in relays night and day.

One of our party here is a Captain Hamilton, of the Royal Navy, who has lately come from Eupatoria. He assures me that he never saw a finer set of men than the Turkish troops there; that their sanitary condition is excellent, and that they are most eager to meet the Russians.

I have no doubt that you know a great deal more about the late attack of the Russians on Eupatoria than we do here, but

I may as well give you the report here, which is, that the Russians attacked in two columns of 20,000 men each; that the planks that they used for crossing the ditch were two feet too short, and that eventually they lost 500 killed, and 1,500 wounded. Selim Pacha and a French officer of rank were killed. There is also a 'canard' in circulation that the Russians lost 40,000 men lately in the snow whilst proceeding to Sebastopol. This was told me on good authority, but I have become extremely incredulous in such matters.

The general opinion in Balaclava is, that when the Russians see the railway bringing up guns, etc., they will risk another engagement; our weakest point is near Balaclava, opposite the village of Kadikoi. They could not, however, assemble an army of 50,000 men to attack that point without our having at least a day's notice of it, and then there would be no fear of the result. Inkerman is

now so strong that it would be madness to attack there.

Johnston's map which you sent to me is so incorrect, that it would be easier to draw a new one than to correct it. It gives no idea of the position of the different camps, which, instead of being arranged neatly in rows round Sebastopol, as represented by him, are scattered over the whole of the ground which we have possession of.

When we leave here we go to a place called Gimlek, on the Asiatic side of the Sea of Marmora, where we take in cattle for the troops. I hope to have a day or two's good shooting down there.

I dare say you have read a description of a Turkish bath; I have tried it twice, and did not find it near so dreadful as it is represented. You first go into a large saloon, where there are couches ranged around; there you exchange your clothes for a sort of linen kilt, and are led off to a steaming-room,

where there are little fountains of hot water, and where you lie on marble slabs, much after the fashion of fish in a fishmonger's shop, only not quite so cool. Then little boys come in, who amuse themselves by making your joints crack, and scrubbing you with a camel's-hair cloth. After this you are covered all over with a delicious soft lather, finally doused over with hot water, then covered with linen cloths and led back to your couch in the saloon, where you first receive a glass of sherbet, and then a cup of coffee and a pipe, and remain half an hour or so to cool.

The Turks when undergoing this process seem in a sort of dreamy, half-comatose state, but the more energetic Englishmen laugh and shout during the whole performance. I shall never forget the horror of some grave old Moslems yesterday, when five stalwart Englishmen commenced singing in chorus, and at the very top of their voices, the

pleasing naval ditty of 'I'm afloat! I'm afloat!' during the most enervating part of the performance. I think they looked upon it as a kind of sacrilege. However, we have it all our own way now, and the very dogs are so cowed by the sticks and stones of the Franks, that they are now as cowardly as they were formerly ferocious.

In the bath-rooms here there are quantities of cockroaches, exactly like the English ones, but with one peculiarity, which is, that they rather prefer having a bucket of hot water thrown over them than otherwise.

Feb. 16.

The mail closes at two o'clock to-day. I do not think I have much to add to my letter. A steamer from the Crimea, which arrived this morning, brings no news except that the troops are getting on well. Fever among the officers is rather upon the increase, and the chaplains suffer in that

way more in proportion than any other class.

By the bye, I saw Mr. Watson when last at Balaclava, and liked his appearance very much. I must try to keep up his acquaintance. I have not yet made the acquaintance of either of the St. Clairs. It is evident that the Naval Brigade one has never been in the advanced posts, or he would not have mentioned such a trifle as having sand-bags knocked over him.

I have seen at the advanced posts, when the Russ has been exasperated at the fire of our riflemen, three round-shot strike within a couple of feet over our heads within the space of a minute, covering us with dust and broken sand-bags, which, however, only created laughter. This used to be of almost daily occurrence, but now they have greatly slackened their fire on the English. They have got the range of our advanced parallel so exactly that their practice is beautiful;

they can hit the parapet whenever they choose. I once saw a round-shot hit a rather thin part of the parapet and go right through, passing through the loins of a man who was sitting with his back to it.

At the hospital at Scutari things are going on as well as can be expected considering the enormous number of patients that have been crowded on them. Fever has been very prevalent there lately, but is now a little better. The deaths average about fifty a day. I am told that sectarian differences have broken out amongst the nurses, but such is the jealousy of the doctors about them that I do not believe half what I hear. At Balaclava it is very different; the doctors there are delighted with the nurses, and have applied for more to be sent. There is no doubt they do a vast deal of good. They save many lives by their attention at night, as most of the poor fellows die then; and the nurses, by their constant

watchfulness and administering of stimulants, bring many through the crisis who would certainly have died if left to the sleepy orderlies.

The doctors at Balaclava have a decided dislike to the chaplains. One of them said to me the other day: 'Often when a man is wavering between life and death and requires his spirits kept up in every way, the sight of a grave-looking chap in a white neck-cloth by his bedside frightens the little life he has out of him.' I am merely relating what I have heard, and you must recollect that there must always be great allowance made for professional jealousy.

I find my time is running very short, as I have made an engagement to go this morning through the bazaars at Stamboul with a gentleman who speaks Turkish like a native. I must therefore close my letter without finishing the paper, as I flatter myself I usually do, nor have I time to look it over

and correct mistakes. I will perhaps write again from Gimlek.

To Mrs. Russell.

Camp before Sebastopol,
March 9.

The *Tonning* arrived at Balaclava on the 7th; and as I am now perfectly recovered, and have not the shadow of an excuse for staying away, I proceeded up to camp as soon as possible. Coming back to this dreary spot appears to me quite like returning home, and, notwithstanding the booming of the guns, I find it difficult to persuade myself that we are in front of an enemy. My tent is standing in the same spot where I left it, and looks very comfortable, quite as much so as the cabin of a ship. It has something the appearance of an Italian warehouse, being half filled with cheeses, sausages, preserved meats, wine, etc.

I have the good fortune to have a sub-

altern whose friends have deluged him with delicacies, and now that I have unpacked your box there is really scarcely room in the tent for all the good things we have. It will give you some idea of the privations we are suffering when I tell you that our dinner to-day consists of mutton broth, curried venison, plum pudding, and cheese, moistened (if we choose) with bordeaux, port, and maraschino. I also laid in a month's supply of potatoes when at Constantinople, so you see there is not much fear of our commissariat failing.

I find the greatest change in the spirits of both officers and men. The few men that are left are as cheerful as if in England, and the officers are getting up races, dog-hunts, etc., as gaily as if in England. I do not think the 46th will be sent home. We have now 291 men in camp, 77 of whom are on the sick-list. We had a parade to-day for the inspection of Sir John Campbell and

General Pennefather, and mustered 174 men, not including sergeants. This is the greatest number we could probably turn out in the event of a battle. There are other regiments worse off than us—to wit, the 50th, 63rd, and 95th, all of whom, it is said, are to be sent home.

Our men turned out to-day in their new clothing, and really looked (with the exception of their long Turkish boots) as clean and smart as when they left Windsor. We have about 300 men at Scutari, very few of whom will, I fear, return to us. We do not know the exact number we have lost, as the returns from Scutari are very incorrect, but we believe it to be very nearly 500. The exact number we have returns for is 429. I regret to say there is still a good deal of fever about, and I buried the pay-sergeant of my company, a very fine young fellow, only yesterday. Our regiment is not, however, suffering very much. I hear the 33rd

are losing from six to eight men a day. The fever is not often fatal except to those whose constitutions have been previously injured by some other complaint.

I find I misled you all at home in describing my fever, and made you think that I was afflicted with rheumatism, when the fact is that rheumatism had little or nothing to do with my complaint, which was remittent fever, accompanied by severe pains in the muscles and tendency to cramps. I never felt rheumatic pains in any of my joints except once in the left ankle, and that only slightly and for a couple of days. I feel now as well as ever I did in my life. I can hardly imagine that there will be any more severe weather. The sun is almost as hot to-day as it would be towards the end of May in England; and one thing that makes me think the winter at an end is that the lizards have all come out, and are changing their skins. I presume they know a good

deal about the climate, and would not throw away their winter clothing without good reason.

The news of the Emperor's death reached us the day before yesterday; a flag of truce was sent into Sebastopol with the news, but they would not believe it; a few are incredulous here, but I am not one of them. The general impression is that it will lead to peace. The total demolition of Sebastopol ought certainly to be one of the articles of the treaty, as I look upon its capture now as a certainty.

I am told on good authority that Lord Raglan has issued private instructions to have the army ready to take the field at the end of May. This was before the news of the Emperor's death arrived. What stuff and nonsense people are talking at home about the army! The *Times* seems to be running amuck at everything, from the House of Lords downwards; others seem

to be angry with the officers because they did not die in as great proportion as the privates. The reason is a very simple one. If the Hon. Captain Lavish could afford £10 for a waterproof coat, £3 for a ham, and half a crown for a cabbage, of course he had a better chance of his life than unfortunate John Nokes who had only a shilling a day, and could not always get that.

I was very sorry indeed to hear of poor Charles Mansfield's sad accident. Robert Mansfield wants information about strangers visiting the Crimea. Let him know that it is quite easy to get on from Constantinople to Balaclava, and that I could put him up and make him quite comfortable in my tent. Strangers generally live on board some vessel in the harbour. I think I can guarantee that he shall have every missile that is invented, from a rocket to a Minié rifle, fired at him, and yet undergo an exceedingly small amount of danger. If the war continues I shall write

to John for an English pack-saddle, but tell him not to send it out without further instructions. I must now conclude, as I have many things to do and the mail goes out to-night.

To his Brother John.

Camp before Sebastopol,
March 16.

Although all is going on well here, yet the distressing news of poor Charles's death,* which I received from you by the last mail, puts it quite out of my power to write you as

* On February 17 my brother Charles Blachford Mansfield, while engaged in a chemical research on the constituents of coal tar (which has led to such important results) was terribly burnt, and died on the 26th. An account of this sad tragedy may be found in a brief memoir of him by Charles Kingsley, prefixed to my brother's book on Paraguay, which ends with these words: 'Oh, fairest of souls! Happy those who knew thee in this life! Happier those who will know thee in the life to come!' Also *v.* Charles Kingsley's 'Life,' vol. i., pp. 441-444, and 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. xxxvi., Mansfield, C.B.—Ed.

cheerful a letter as I could wish. The intelligence was quite as unexpected and shocking to me as if I had not received your letter informing me of his accident, as it in no way prepared me for the terrible result, and I was confident that I should hear by the following mail that he was going on well; and here the intelligence that a person whom you have met a short time before in perfect health is dead creates quite a slight impression, and in a day or two one ceases to think of it. How different is the case when the news comes from home!

I am sure I have felt poor Charles's death as deeply as if I had never seen or heard anything of the suffering out here. I tremble also for the consequences to Anna, whose constitution has already been so severely tried. What a gloom it must throw over all of you who were almost his daily associates. I should think there were few men who out of a small number of

acquaintances had a greater number of attached friends than poor Charles.

I have not much news to give you. The weather still continues very fine, and my health is completely restored. There has been a great deal of talk about our commencing to fire again; and the 22nd and 23rd are talked of as the days when the batteries are to reopen, but I do not think it will be so soon, as I understand that there are 200 rounds of shot per gun still to be got up from Balaclava.

There has been a good deal of skirmishing for the last two or three nights between the French and the Russians for the possession of some rifle-pits between the Round Tower (Malakoff) and the new parallels. If the French are really anxious to take them, it is rather discreditable to them that they have not done so, as I am convinced the English would do it immediately if they tried.

I do not know what account has reached England of the attempt of the French about three weeks ago to take a new work the Russians had thrown up, and in which they were beaten back with a loss of about 300 men and 15 officers. The truth is that it was a disgraceful failure, and if it had happened to the English would have brought forth a string of letters in the *Times*. The Zouaves accuse the 'Infanterie de la Marine' of having run away, and it is even said that some of the Zouaves declined going to fight with the marines again, saying: 'We will go with the English, but not with them.' I think that any attempt to bombard without being ready for an assault (if the opportunity should offer) is absurd. If I had my way I should bring every gun that I could to bear upon the Round Tower, batter it for two days, and then try to carry it by assault. I believe it to be the key of the whole position, or at least to that part of it east of the bay

sometimes called 'Careening Bay,' and sometimes 'Admiralty Harbour.'

The French are getting very sick and disheartened with the whole affair, whilst the spirits of the English are improving daily. I hear that the mail has arrived, and will keep this letter open and add a postscript if I hear from any of you.

I am quite tired of reading the nonsense that is written in the *Times*, and spoken in the House about the army. There is no doubt that great reforms are wanted, and until all departments are brought under one responsible head things will never be set right; but we are not quite so bad as the *Times* tries to make out. I think the *Times* in its crusade against the aristocracy has overshot the mark. What nonsense is written also about Indian officers! Are not almost all the men who have distinguished themselves in India in the Queen's army, and are not several of them out here? Sir

Colin Campbell and General Pennefather, both Indian heroes, are out here. The latter is Colonel of our regiment, and very fond of us. He often comes over to see us.

We have had hardly any fresh cases of fever in our regiment since I last wrote, but we have six or seven men ill with it in hospital who have scarcely any chance of recovery. The fever is of a typhoid character, we do everything in our power to keep it away. We have all the men's things out airing every fine day, and strike the tents so as to dry the ground well whenever the sun is hot; and Lord Rokeby, who came through our camp last week, said that in cleanliness it was a model to the whole army.

I see there have been questions asked in the House about the mortality in the 46th; it is easily accounted for. We were the only unacclimatized regiment that went through the terrible month of November (much the worst month we have had, I think), and on

the day of the storm we had nearly 300 sick, all of whom passed many hours in the wet. Of these 300 I do not think 20 ever returned to their duty. As for the excuse in the House that our clothing went down in the *Prince*, it is a red-tape quibble, as there was no clothing for us in the *Prince*, nor indeed was there any clothing fit for a winter in this country in the vessel. What was lost was a quantity of flannel jerseys and great-coats such as the men wear at home. There were no waterproofs, fur coats, or long boots such as we have had lately.

4 *o'clock.*

The mail has arrived, and with it a letter from Robert, giving me further particulars of poor Charles's death, and also the news of poor Aunt Jane having also gone. It seems to me as if I got as sad accounts of suffering and death from England as I used to write from the Crimea. I do hope that such sad accounts from both countries are now come

to an end. Give my best love to Anna and Fanny, etc.

P.S.—I can give no intelligence touching our chance of going home, but I think we shall not. Many in the regiment think we shall.

To Francis Russell.

Camp,
March 23.

You will see by the papers that we had rather a bad business here last night, but on the whole we got the best of it. I am glad to say the 46th were not there. I say glad because there is neither honour nor glory to be got in these night skirmishes. I do not know our exact loss, but believe it to be four officers and thirty men killed. The officers are Colonel Kelly, 34th; Captain Brown and Lieutenant Vickars, 97th; and Lieutenant Jordan, 34th. I believe it is not quite certain whether Colonel Kelly is dead or not, as his body has not yet been found; but if he is

not a prisoner it will probably be found to-night.

I went down to see the scene of action: all the bodies are lying as they fell; there has been no flag of truce to-day, so that nobody has been able to go near them since daylight. They lie just outside the trenches, and therefore under the fire of both parties. It is strange to see people lying dead so near you in an open field and not to be able to go up to them. The greatest number of dead is where the French are sapping up to the Malakoff Tower. I counted 28 Russians lying there in one heap. There were about 120 bodies there altogether, about two-thirds Russians and one-third French.

The night was fine, but dark and stormy. At about 12 o'clock the French began to shell the town most terribly, throwing their rockets into every part of the town, which they set on fire twice; they continued this for about an hour; at about two in the

morning the Russians attacked all our lines at once, or at least in four separate places; but their principal attack was directed against the French entrenchments opposite the Malakoff Tower. I am told that the French had upwards of 100 men killed there, but I do not believe it, as I did not see more than a third of that number dead. I am sorry I must now conclude, as I hear the letter-sergeant coming.

The health of the men is pretty good, and my own is excellent. I am now completely recovered, and take long walks every day. I see in the papers that officers are not allowed to visit the trenches. This, however, is not the case; I go where I like, and have even a pass which enables me to visit the French trenches whenever I choose.

Last week we (the 4th Division) got up races and steeplechases, and it was delightful to see in what spirits and health the men were; it was hard to believe they were the

same who looked so haggard a month ago. The French cavalry have got up races for to-morrow.

To Mrs. Russell.

2nd Parallel,
Greenhill Trenches,
March 26.

I shall not be able to write you such a long letter as I intended to have done, as you will see by the heading that I am writing under rather adverse circumstances. I intended to have devoted to-day to letter-writing, but last night I was suddenly warned to go to the trenches, another officer having gone on the sick list, and I have therefore been here for the last sixteen hours, and will remain here another eight. As I promised, however, that you should hear from me by this mail, I had my desk brought down to me in order to let you have at least a note, lest you should fancy I had been taken ill again. I

am able to tell you that my health continues excellent, and that I am certainly now as well as ever I was. We passed rather a cold stormy night here, but to-day the sun is so hot that I am obliged to have my cloak rigged up so as to save me from it when I write; it is certainly as hot as it generally is in England during June. We had a quiet night last night, as far as the Russians were concerned, and they have made no attack of any consequence since I last wrote. They are, however, firing rather heavily at our advanced trench this morning, and the bullets are passing over our heads as I write. Why this is I do not know, as they have fired little here for the last month; there has only been one man hit here, one of the 21st. We took a prisoner this morning; whether he intended to desert or not I cannot say. He came across rather near our lines, as if he wanted to go by a short cut from one line of rifle-pits to another No one fired at him, but

one of our men sneaked down a ravine to cut him off. When about half-way across he hesitated, and gave us an example of the proverb that 'he who hesitates is lost,' for a 68th man had crept round on the other side, and the 46th man and the 68th man ran in together on him and secured him. He made no resistance, and they had only about fifty yards to take him, but in that short distance they had some narrow escapes, as the Redan fired three rounds of what the men call hoppers (*i.e.*, large grapeshot, about the size of large potatoes) at them, cutting up the ground all round them.

On Saturday I witnessed a most extraordinary and interesting scene—an armistice was granted for the purpose of burying the dead, and I went down to see the scene. The place where the fight had taken place was covered with Russians, French, and English, all walking peacefully together, but of course regarding each other with the greatest curiosity. The field was thickly

strewed with dead, but the living seemed more curious about their live enemy than about their dead comrades.

I was unfortunately only there a short time, and had no opportunity of speaking to any of the Russian officers. Many of them seemed gentlemanly men, particularly those who wore a red band round their caps. The men were stout, *well-fed looking* fellows. There were many Albanians among them in their picturesque costume, blue jacket, red cap, and white kilt. All their sorties were led by Albanian officers, two of whom were killed; one of them seemed to have been a most desperate fellow. He was very richly dressed and had thirty pounds in gold in his belt. His body was covered with wounds, some of them not more than a month old. The Russians are very anxious to get his body, and he was the first man they inquired for.

I do not know how many the Russians lost, but I saw at least 250 of their dead with

my own eyes. Some say they lost 500, and one of their own officers who spoke English said that they had lost upwards of 1,000 killed, wounded, and missing. I do not know what the French lost, but general report says 200 killed and 300 wounded.

In going over the ground the other day the first thing that struck me was that a row of dead Russians was a more melancholy sight than an equal number of the others. In looking at one of the rude stout fellows lying dead, in a long gray dressing-gown sort of coat, it is difficult to think of him except as a peasant torn away from his home against his will, and not knowing what he was fighting for, whereas a dashing Zouave, or a gaudy Albanian, looks much more as if he was in his proper place, lying dead upon a field of battle, than the Russian does. It was a common thing for surgeons after the Peninsular War to say they had never seen a bayonet wound. Times are changed now,

as the surgeons see plenty of them. In our trenches the other night, after the first volley, nothing was used but the bayonet, and the greater part of the Russians were killed with that weapon.

I can scarcely tell you anything of interest about the progress of the siege. New batteries are being constructed, and shot and shell comes up daily. General Jones is very active in his duties, and he has improved our trenches very much. When we open, the fire will be terrific, but unless the Russians are short of powder I think theirs will be superior. They have vast quantities of shot and shell in their arsenal, as one may see from our advanced trench. I think the Malakoff tower is the place at which all our force ought to be directed. The French are at present sapping up to it, but will have many a bloody fight before they get there. There is a very general rumour that the 46th, 50th, 63rd, and 95th are to go home

immediately, but Lord Raglan, who was up at Colonel Garrett's tent yesterday, said nothing about it.

I was amused at your thinking that any new system of promotion in the army is likely to do me any good. You may depend upon it that the purchase system will be better for me than any that is likely to be substituted for it, and if promotion by purchase or seniority had been abolished, I should have remained a captain for many a year.

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

Camp,
March 30.

I have to-day received your letter of the 12th March, in which you inform me that you have sent out more presents to me per steamer *Indian*. You really overwhelm me with your bounties, and I don't know how to thank you all for the many things I have received. I have no way of repaying you

except by letters, which I am glad you all think of some value, and will therefore endeavour to keep up a good supply. I can give you no positive intelligence from this of much consequence, and must therefore resort to the rumours of the camp: *on dit*, first, that there are at present 80,000 Russians this side of Perekop, advancing to the relief of Sebastopol; second, that we open fire with all the guns and mortars we have on Tuesday next, firing 150 rounds per gun every twenty-four hours; third, that the fire is to be directed on the town, and not on the batteries; fourth, that the 4th Division and the Highland Brigade are to go to Eupatoria. Of these four rumours I only believe the second, although all the others have an air of authority about them.

The idlers about the camp now have become so cunning in the manufacture of 'canards' that the wariest duck-shooters are apt to be deceived by them, and it is there-

fore best to be incredulous of everything. I am glad to be able to give an excellent account of the state of matters out here; everything has been improving to such an extent that even those who witnessed the sufferings of the army two months ago can scarcely believe that we were in such a very bad state, and those who have lately arrived, like General Cathcart and Sir J. Macniel, are, I believe, convinced that matters have been much exaggerated. I know, however, that they were not, and as far as regards the state of the men in hospital and the transport of the sick, they were rather underrated than otherwise. I do not think much of the evidence given before the committee; very few seem to know much about the subject they are examined on, nor can offer an opinion as to whose fault it was that all the errors took place. I like Sir De Lacy Evans' evidence best, but our troubles had scarcely commenced when he left the Crimea.

The Duke of Cambridge gave better evidence than I expected, but he also left the Crimea before our severest trials came on; he is a well-meaning man, and does his best for the comfort of the men. General Simpson, who came out here the other day, is a good officer, and I think the very best that could have been selected for the situation. He has not, however, made any changes in the staff, as indeed no one here expected he would. There has been a vast deal of nonsense talked about the staff; undoubtedly the right men are not chosen for it, but I should like to know how they are to be found out. If you take the best linguists you are likely to get a class of dissipated youths educated on the Continent, and addicted to écarté and billiards. If you take a man who has received a first-class certificate at Sandhurst, he perhaps turns out fit for nothing but to work a problem in algebra. If you take the recommendations of colonels of

regiments, you get the sons, nephews, and cousins of such colonels, and so on.

I think, if I had the appointment of the whole staff, that, 'faute de mieux,' I would commence by choosing all the best slow bowlers, as I have never seen a good slow bowler who wasn't a tolerably clever fellow; and when they were all expended I would come down to the best riders to hounds, and perhaps, to give Scotland a chance, I would admit some golf-players and curlers.

I am glad Lord Goderich's motion was rejected, as, although on principle adverse to promotion by purchase, yet I do not see how at present a better system is to be adopted. I do not think it possible, by any measures we can introduce, to get the same class of men in the English army that there is in the French, and by promoting from the ranks at present you only take away the cream of the non-commissioned officers without getting superior commissioned ones.

The only regiments that will bear skimming in this way are the Highland regiments, which have always a superabundance of N.C.O.'s. It is the fashion at present to say that the French officers are superior as soldiers to the English; I have seen a good deal of French officers lately, and with the exception of one or two of their crack regiments I think the officers inferior in every point to the English, and I am certain that they are not so much respected by their men. Ask anyone who has seen much of both armies, and I think he will agree with me.

I suppose long ere this you have seen my name in the *Gazette* as a Major. I have not seen it myself, but from a letter I received from Cox, I feel certain it has appeared before this. I have known for the last two months that I was almost sure to get it, but did not let you know it, as I have more than once before been equally certain, and yet have

not succeeded, therefore I did not wish to disappoint you in case of accidents. I do not think that I ought to be much congratulated on it, as I have paid £1,400 for it; however, as I was on the point of paying £2,400 this time last year, I suppose it may be considered a good bargain.

Wombwell allowed me to purchase over him, as he is sure of his majority without purchase when the Colonel is promoted, which is almost sure to take place within a year. If the Colonel is promoted, Vesey will be made a Lieut.-Colonel, and will probably sell out as soon as possible, which will give me my Lieut.-Colonelcy. This, however, is a chicken which is a long way from being hatched yet; and I therefore advise you not to speculate on it.

Amongst the many satisfactory changes that have taken place lately, none is more so than the improved condition of our field artillery. About ten days ago I went over

to see a great friend of mine, Colonel Fitz-Mayer, who commands the artillery of the 2nd Division. When I got there he was reviewing his command, which consisted of one nine-pounder and one waggon ; the remaining guns were standing horseless, all the animals being dead or sick. I was over with him again yesterday, and he showed me sixty horses he had just received from Spain and England ; they were in capital condition, and he told me he could now turn out twelve guns complete with their waggons. All the other batteries have improved equally, so you may imagine how much safer we are than formerly.

Our few cavalry have also much improved, and we expect the 10th Hussars (800 strong) daily. I should think of all ranks we have now about 20,000 effective men, but this is mere guess-work. I cannot account for the extraordinary discrepancy of the different statements made by official people at various

times, as to the strength of the army before Sebastopol. I believe when we were at our worst, *i.e.*, about February 1, we had about 10,500 bayonets ; the number of cavalry and artillery I am more uncertain about, but I should think it was about 2,000 more.

There was at one time a number of men for whom there was not room in the hospital tents ; these men, although very seriously ill, and utterly unfit for duty, were not inserted in the hospital returns. This might have made a difference, perhaps, at one time, of about 100 men per regiment on an average ; but still, that does not account for Mr. Gladstone's and Sir W. Molesworth's statements that there were 30,000 men effective, when there were in reality not half that number.

The 46th are gradually increasing in numbers, and we could now turn out 200 men in the event of an engagement. There are several regiments weaker than we are, to

wit, the 50th, 95th, 20th, and 33rd. I see Lord Palmerston stated in the House that the regiments that had been at Chobham suffered less than the others. This is not the case, as all the regiments I have just mentioned were there, as were also the Guards, who have suffered terribly. Those who have suffered least were the regiments from the Cape and Malta, and those who have suffered most (excepting the Guards) are composed of younger men than the others.

I see that a question was asked in the House the other day whether it was true that medical officers had been ordered not to answer the queries put to them by the Commission, and which I wrote to you about the other day. Lord Palmerston was not aware whether it was true or not! I could, if he asked, give him some information on that point. In the case I wrote to you about, the Brigade order prohibiting the answers was

given by Colonel Trollope, 62nd, the Division order to the same effect by General Buller; and Staff-Surgeon Mathews (then in charge of the 95th) was the officer who applied for information on the subject.

You would have laughed if you had heard a conversation that took place between a French officer and myself the other day. I will give it to you verbatim. I commenced:

'Bon jour, monsieur; qu'avez-vous de nouveau ce matin?'

'Pas beaucoup, monsieur, mais on m'a dit que mon chikoff est mort!'

'Pardon, monsieur, je n'ai pas bien compris!'

'Mon chikoff est mort!'

I hesitated for a moment, thinking whether 'son chikoff' was his poodle or his sergeant-major, or one of his relations; but at last made up my mind that, at all events, it was a safe thing to be sorry for, so I said:

'Votre chikoff, vraiment, que je suis faché.'

The expression of his countenance at once showed me I had made a mistake, and on further explanation it turned out that he was talking of the death of Menschikoff.

I shall write to you by the next mail to get me some saddlery from Peat in Bond Street. I have not yet made up my mind what to get, and I think it not unlikely that I shall put off ordering until I hear how the Congress at Vienna is getting on. If we are to continue the campaign, I must give rather an extensive order. If you get an opportunity by anyone coming out, you may send me the brass scabbard and sword which has been so long in Marylebone Street.

I have just heard it stated that we shall not commence our fire on Tuesday next, but, nevertheless, I think we shall.

In your letter you mentioned that a book written by Charles was to be published* by

* 'Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Paraguay,' by C. B. Mansfield, Macmillan, 1856. The same publisher sub-

his friends as a memorial to him. If this is done by subscription, I should like to be allowed to join.

To his Brother John.

Camp,
April 6.

I have been disgracefully lazy all this week, and have never once put pen to paper, although I fully intended to have written both to Jane and yourself. I have no excuse to offer, as we have had most delightful weather, and little or no duty. Perhaps, however, these circumstances may have something to do with it, as I have passed my time in taking long walks, attending picnics, dog-hunts, and other such camp amusements.

It is now late at night, and the post leaves

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sequently brought out two other books by my brother, 'A Theory of Salts' and 'Aerial Navigation.' This latter book is a standard work on the subject.—Ed.

here early in the morning; but I cannot allow it to go without sending you a note. The compressed vegetables arrived in camp yesterday in excellent condition. I have lost your note which stated the exact amount I was to sell, but I think I was not far from the mark in disposing of £8 worth, there remaining nine cakes, one of which I shall keep for myself, and the remainder shall be served out to the convalescents and the men in hospital, to whom they will be most acceptable, as, although some have been served out latterly, the men do not get quite as much vegetables as they would like.

My servant tells me that there are two other parcels for me at the parcels' office, and I suppose them to be the stove and fuel sent by poor Charles. The *Indian* has arrived, but her packages have not yet come ashore. Frank Du Cane has not yet turned up.

You see that I was wrong in thinking that we should open fire on Tuesday last. I still

believe, however, that that day had been fixed, and I also think that the opening will take place some time next week. Various reasons are assigned for the fire not having begun on Tuesday, but I think the real reason is that they miscalculated their preparations, and were not so far advanced on Tuesday as they were expected to have been.

They have not yet got up 500 rounds of shot per gun, and that is the number it is said will be required. The *Times* correspondent (Russell) told me that upwards of 1,000 rounds had gone up, but he is mistaken, as I was assured to-day that 500 rounds were not in the batteries.

Last week the Russians destroyed by shell three of our platforms in the advanced trench, and also mounted some 68-pounders in the Malakoff battery, which sent shot clean through the parapet of our twenty-one gun battery; both of these feats have

delayed us, as we have had to repair the platforms and strengthen the parapet.

I cannot give you any idea of the amount of labour required to get into position the material of such a siege train as the Allies possess; day and night the rumbling of the waggons never ceases. In our attack (the English) we have between 60 and 70 mortars; most of them are 13-inch, and each shell, before being loaded, weighs 192 pounds. I do not know what the exact number of guns in position belonging to the Allies is, but I should think about 400 guns and 120 mortars. I believe they are very confident at headquarters that after three days' firing the Russians will evacuate the south side entirely—*nous verrons*. I regret to see that Canrobert's despatch touching the affair of February 23 is so false; I believe the Russian one to be much more true.

There was some skirmishing in our advanced trenches last night, without either

party gaining any advantage. We had three officers and nineteen men wounded—at least so report says, and I have not been able to inquire more particularly.

I wish you would be so good as to go to Peat, the saddler in Bond Street (I forget the number), and order for me the articles which I have mentioned on the enclosed piece of paper; please pay for them and order them to be forwarded as soon as possible. I have seen the *Gazette* of the 23rd, and am much surprised that my promotion is not in it. If by any chance my promotion does not take place, you need not order the saddlery, as I have enough for my present rank.

To Jane.

Camp,
April 9.

I have been rather idle lately as regards writing, and have no excuse to offer. I dare say you will have heard by electric telegraph, and other means, all the news I can give you

long before this letter reaches you; but I think that you will find that my intelligence, though not of so late a date, is the most trustworthy.

We opened fire this morning at daybreak with 481 guns and 123 mortars, and up to the present time, 5 o'clock p.m., have been going on pretty successfully. The whole day there has been a perfect storm of wind and rain, which, however, is rather in our favour than otherwise, as it is blowing in the teeth of the Russians. The storm has never ceased for an instant, and at times the mist and drizzly rain have been so thick that it was impossible to see the enemy's batteries. The Russian fire was very weak, and their practice bad; some of their most powerful batteries scarcely fired a shot, so I really begin to believe that they are short of ammunition. The Barrack and Garden batteries fired the most, the Redan and Malakoff very little. There are two officers

and 100 men of the 46th in the trenches, and not a single man has as yet been sent up wounded.

It is quite impossible to make any estimate of the damage done to the Russians, and you need not attach any reliance to the statements of any of the newspaper correspondents who pretend to know much about it. Between the squalls of wind and rain we could just catch glimpses of the Russian lines, and there did not seem to be much harm done to them. I believe, however, that the French have nearly destroyed the Flagstaff battery, and that one side of the Redan is also much injured. Of the plan of attack, even the generals know nothing. It is rumoured about the camp to-day that we are to assault after three days' firing, and that the brunt of the fighting is to be borne by the 3rd Division; I cannot find, however, that there is any good foundation for this report. The headquarter staff say

there is to be no assault, but their statements are not to be trusted, as I think latterly they have been trying to deceive everyone. Every spy who has come in lately has brought intelligence that we are to be attacked by an overwhelming force at Balaclava, and great preparations have been made to meet them in that quarter.

We are now always under arms an hour before daylight, which is not at all pleasant, as it is still very cold at that hour. The Etna you sent is very useful for making tea or coffee after these parades. It has also been very serviceable to-day, as the servants could not keep their fires alight on account of the storm; it made chocolate for two at breakfast, and mulled port wine in the middle of the day. I have found the box you sent very useful, and I shall send it next month, either to London or to Constantinople, with warm clothing and other articles which are useless in the summer. John has sent me

a barrel and an immense box, the contents of which I am unacquainted with, as I have not yet had time to send for them, and I do not think I shall do so now until I see whether we get into Sebastopol or not. I confess I am not very sanguine in the matter, and do not think there is much chance of getting in unless we assault.

The headquarter people are very sanguine about making the south side untenable by means of the bombardment alone. If we do not get in by the time we have expended our present ammunition it will be rather a bad look-out, as the guns will also be worn out, and we shall have to begin all over again.

I am sorry to say that fourteen of our best guns are useless; they are 32-pounders, and were intended for the advanced trench, but in order to insure their not being spiked in a sortie, it was determined not to put them in position till the night before the

fire commenced. On that night they were taken down to the trenches, but the rain came on, and the mud became so sticky that they could not be taken on to the advance, although they put 200 men to each gun. To-night they are going to try and get them into their places with horses.

The health of our men continues excellent, and we have not had a fresh case of fever for some time. I am sorry to hear the Highland brigade is suffering very much from fever. I must now conclude, as I am invited out to dinner, and my host lives a mile off.

To Mrs. A. Campbell.

Camp,
May 16.

Since I last wrote to John the bombardment has continued steadily, the guns going on all day, and the mortars all night. We throw in about 50,000 shot and shell a day,

most of the latter weighing about 200 pounds each. The sight is very extraordinary, but the noise is not so great as I expected. I dare say you will see many remarks about the incessant and deafening roar of the cannon. It is neither incessant nor deafening, and, in fact, when the wind is blowing from us towards Sebastopol, it is more like the beating of gigantic carpets than anything else I can describe.

The Russian fire is comparatively weak, and they certainly do not fire one gun for every five of ours. As to the amount of good we are doing, opinions on that point are very varied. Yesterday I went into the most advanced trenches and examined all the Russian batteries with an excellent telescope, and I came to the conclusion that although we have dismounted a great many of their guns, and doubtless caused great slaughter, yet that we have made but little progress towards a practicable breach.

Our practice is, and has been, excellent, but very little can be done against the splendid earth-works the Russians have been building all the winter. I would not for anything I can name have on my shoulders the responsibility of ordering the troops to assault. If I had written to you two or three days ago, I should have told you that I thought an assault unlikely, and that if it did take place it was almost certain to be unsuccessful. I have now changed both these opinions, but I still think success most uncertain. However, as you will probably know all about it through the electric telegraph long before these lines reach you, it is no use speculating on the subject.

The talk of the camp is that the 2nd and light Divisions will storm the Round Tower and one face of the Redan, whilst the 3rd and 4th Divisions storm the Barrack battery and the other face of the Redan, and the French take the Mamelon, Flagstaff, and

Quarantine batteries. As far as I can learn, the bombardment will continue for four or five days more, and then an assault will be attempted. We have been very fortunate in the trenches, and have lost scarcely any men, the list of killed and wounded not exceeding on an average eight or nine men a day; these are almost all artillerymen or sailors. The French have suffered much more severely, and have lost on an average 120 men a day since the fire opened. In this number I include those killed and wounded in two desperate night attacks, in both of which they were victorious, but lost nearly 300 men each time.

I went round the trenches yesterday with Frank DuCane, who arrived only a day or two before. He was much interested in everything he saw, and it was quite refreshing to go round with one who was not quite *blasé* of the whole affair, as everyone here seems to be. I was also in our twenty-one

gun battery to-day. It is a curious and rather melancholy sight to go into any of these batteries that have been much fired on. I went into one the other day, and found the gabions and sand-bags, that looked so neat and clean a short time ago, bruised, crushed, and strewed all over the place; here a gun with its muzzle shattered, and another lying hopelessly on its side with only one wheel left; there a platform blown up by a shell, and the others all stained with blood; the tired and haggard-looking men going through their work as if mechanically; the Captain leaning moodily against a traverse with his arms folded; and the Lieutenant (who was a cadet at Woolwich five months ago) fast asleep near the magazine.

The shot was hissing over the parapet, or crashing into it, and the prim old Scotch sergeant was peering steadily over the tangent scales, apparently totally unmindful of them; whilst, to complete the picture,

there lay in the corner a dead gunner covered with a blanket, but you could see by the way the blanket lay on him that not a trace of his head was left.

I do not know what is the matter with the Russians, but I suspect they are short of powder. Sometimes when they get exasperated by one of our smaller batteries in the advanced trench, they concentrate fifteen or twenty guns upon it, and soon shut it up, dismounting the guns and killing many of the men, but it always opens again next day. In general, however, they do not fire near so hard as they did when we first came here, although they have nearly double the number of guns that we have.

In the French batteries the work is carried on very cheerily; there is the same débris as in the English ones, but as the men are not so overworked they can afford to laugh and skip, and clap their hands when they make a good shot, in a manner which the Scotch

sergeant above-mentioned would soon put a stop to, if he had anything to do with them. I went to-day to see some French rocket batteries which are close to our camp; being struck with the direction the rockets were taking, I wanted to find out what they were firing at. I found that they were firing at a train of waggons going into a camp on the north of Sebastopol, which was distant *five miles and three-quarters*. They said the rockets were a new sort, and were making very good practice.

I have not yet got the books and matches which Frank DuCane brought for me, but I hope to receive them to-morrow, and they will be very acceptable.

I find it is not unlikely that I shall not get my promotion, after all. I felt certain I was to get it, as the agents wrote to me to say that I was to be in the next *Gazette*. It seems, however, that Major Fyffe's father objected to his leaving the army, and by

interest at the Horse Guards got his resignation stopped. What Fyffe himself will do when he gets home I do not know, and am perfectly indifferent as to the result. I wish, however, that John would send out all the saddlery except the holsters, and send them also if the promotion should take place.

Tell Lilla* that I have not fulfilled, but nevertheless have not forgotten, my promise to make a sketch of a dromedary cart for her, and that she shall receive it sooner or later; also ask her and May if either of them know anything of a letter in verse which I received about two months ago, and which was signed 'Notgniraf egdol,' which being translated means Farington Lodge. I certainly have heard of some such place, but have not the least recollection where it was; but it runs in my head that it had some connection with their friends, the Frasers.

* Miss Eliza Gibbes, to whom the writer of these letters was married on July 22, 1858.

You will perhaps be glad to hear that it is thought the 4th Division will have but little fighting to do if it can be avoided, as it is the weakest in the army, and had its share at Inkerman. The men of the whole army are in excellent spirits, and would go anywhere that was possible; but they are not nearly so eager for the assault as they were in the winter, when the mass of them were literally weary of their lives.

Considering that I have taken four months to answer your letter, this is not so long as it ought to be, but I hope it will appease you a little. I am sorry that I have never been able to make the acquaintance of Captain Giffard, who has been at Kertch ever since he arrived, I believe.

To John.

Camp,
April 23.

I am quite impatient to hear how the English people have received the news of

the utter failure of the late bombardment. I can hardly tell you how disgusted the army in general is about it. We had all made up our minds that the final struggle was to take place, and that we should either be in Sebastopol, or lose 10,000 men in the attempt, before many days had passed. Scaling-ladders and grapnels (for dragging away the abbatis) had actually been sent down to the advanced trench, and when, after all these preparations, the news came that no assault was to be attempted, we felt as if we had been made April fools of. Everyone abused the French, the engineers, the artillery, or Lord Raglan, according to his fancy; the French, I think, coming in for the greatest share, as the general impression in the camp was that when Lord Raglan had declared everything to be ready for the assault, the French had declined to join in it. What truth there is in this I cannot pretend to say, but certain it is that within the last two

months the French have fallen very much in the opinion of the English. I myself think that they are very unfairly spoken of, and as the men very quickly pick up the sentiments of their officers, it may, if continued, lead to the most unfortunate results.

There is not much use in speculating as to what the chance of success would have been if we had tried an assault, but it may amuse you to know my opinion. I think that it would have been successful, but that we should have lost at least 10,000 men, and that the risk of failure would have been awful. I think the south side of Sebastopol would be cheaply purchased with 10,000, if the loss of that number insured our taking it; but with the great probability of failure, I do not wonder at any General declining the attempt for the present.

People who talk so glibly about assaulting, and about the British bayonet carrying all before it, should recollect that we were

beaten in our first assault of San Sebastian, and that both the real attacks on Badajos were failures, although the feint succeeded. This opinion of mine is the opinion of a great many of the 'quiet men' out here, who are disgusted at the impotency of the bombardment, and the apparent ignorance evinced by both artillery and engineers regarding the powers of artillery; the large mortars especially disappointed us, after the wonderful things it was promised they would do.

I do not think the morale of this army is improving; one often hears the men sneering at the progress of the siege, and although they are in excellent health and spirits, evincing more desire to go home than to go into Sebastopol. You will hear them saying to the artillery, when bringing up a gun from Balaclava: 'Ah, take that old thing home again, and bring a load of praties; 'twill be better for everyone!' and such like sarcastic remarks.

When the fire ceased it was thought that we should not open again for about three months, and the prospect of three months' more inaction horrified us. However, the report now is that we open fire again on Wednesday or Thursday next (the 25th or 26th), and that if we cannot make a breach then we are to take the field. I, however, do not believe in the possibility of taking the field before June, as we are still short of cavalry, artillery, and transport horses. The artillery alone want nearly a thousand horses.

As soon as our fire ceased I got up all the boxes lying for me at the parcel office, and I must again thank you for the liberality of your presents to me, all of which were admirably chosen, and are in excellent condition. I have now bacon, cheese, tea, spirits of wine, and wax matches enough to last me until the commencement of winter. For Jane's information I write to say that the

marmalade arrived quite safe, and is supposed to be the best in the Crimea.

I read the *Quarterly* with interest, and I think the man who wrote the article on the Crimean campaign must have been with the troops, his minutiæ and descriptions of scenery are so very correct. The map also is the best I have seen, although the attack and position of the different camps is much changed since it was published.

People here are getting much disgusted with the *Times*, which is really going a little too far when it blames Lord Raglan because his despatch does not agree with their correspondent's account as to the fineness of the weather during a certain night fight. The fact is both Russell and Lord Raglan were right, as their different despatches describe two different fights. These fights take place two or three times a week, and a great number of the officers turn out to look at them when the night is fine, just as one

would at fireworks. It is impossible to guess whether they are very serious or not, as sometimes when there is a great deal of firing there is very little harm done, and *vice versâ*. Often, however, one hears next morning of some nice fellow, whom one had seen only a few days before, being killed or wounded in one of these horrid little skirmishes.

Colonel Egerton, of the 77th, who was killed a few nights ago, was one of the finest fellows out here, and little Lempriere, who was killed with him, was a great favourite, being well known to us all as the lightest weight at all the races, and perhaps the most boyish-looking man in the British Army. The taking of the rifle-pits on that night was a very gallant affair, and the French are full of admiration of it.

I intended to have written you a longer letter, but it is now late at night, and I am going to start to-morrow morning into the

country with a large body of the French, who are going out for a reconnaissance at daylight. My next letter will be to Jane. I have not heard from England for the last four mails.

TO HIS BROTHER ARCHIBALD.

Camp,
May 7.

I have received your letter of April 19, together with the bill 'for the more effectual prosecution of the war with Russia,' which was sent by Lilla's request. Tell Lilla that I have read the bill, and enjoyed it much; but she will be sorry to hear that, as regards the *Times* newspaper itself, I am become a sad renegade, and am not half so ready to abuse it as I was in July last. We are now on the same side, and although I do not approve completely of the tone it has adopted, still I feel convinced that on the whole it has been a good friend to the army in the Crimea.

This mail will take to you the news that the expedition to Kertch has come back again without having landed. I do not know how this intelligence will be received in England, but here it was received by the enthusiastic, or war party, with intense disgust, and by the scoffers (who now form a great majority in the army) with sneers and laughter.

It is said, and I believe with truth, that Lord Raglan and Canrobert are not to blame for the recall of the expedition, as they had express orders from Paris by telegraph to send every vessel they could spare to Constantinople. You can imagine what harm a blunder of this sort occasions, and also that, whoever the fault rests with, it is sure to be placed on the Commander-in-Chief.

The other day I heard some one remark that a very good order had been issued, and the answer was, 'Yes, old Mother Raglan is getting quite sharp; I should not wonder if

she caught a Russian before long.' It is easy to imagine that the morale of an army is not in a very good state when such remarks as these can be heard hourly.

I can give you no information about the progress of the siege, not having been in the batteries since I last wrote. All the guns in the first parallel are being moved up into the second, which is, I should think, about 400 yards nearer to the enemy's guns. Why this was not done before I can't conceive, as the common talk all the winter was that it ought to be done, and I always thought that there was some great engineering difficulty about it which we poor infantry men could not understand.

I have not heard anything more about my majority, and am pretty indifferent about it. I have been recommended for the post of Assistant Engineer, and I think it probable I shall get it. I do not know much about the theoretical part of the business, but have

seen so much of the building of batteries, laying platforms, making rifle-pits, etc., that I dare say I shall be able to earn my seven shillings a day; besides which, it is always a good thing to be chosen for any special appointment, as it keeps the authorities in mind of one; even if I get this appointment, I shall have to give it up when I get my majority.

I am sure you must have been sorry to hear of Curtis's death, although you knew but little of him. Poor fellow! I never knew anyone who seemed to enjoy life more than he did; he had not, apparently, a care in the world. He had an extraordinary aversion to having any of his things sold; he never himself attended the sales of deceased officers; and amongst his papers was found a document particularly requesting that in case of his death nothing should be sold (as is usually done), but that all effects not sent to his friends were to be destroyed.

I am, of course, anxious to subscribe to the window in memory of Charles, and I leave it to you also to fix the amount. You need not be the least afraid of fixing it at too high a sum, and my only reason for requesting you to do so is that I do not know on what scale the memorial is to be made, or what will be the number of subscribers.

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

Camp,
May 14.

I received your letters of April 24th and 27th by the last mail. I have heard nothing from Fyffe or anyone else about promotion, but I suppose it will come off sooner or later. If something is not done soon in the matter, I shall write to the Horse Guards and request them to give my money back.

We are in *statu quo* as we were when I last wrote; only a little more ammunition has been brought up, and a good many more

troops have arrived. A few days ago we had most abominable weather, three days of incessant rain, which made the camp in almost as bad a state as it was in November. My tent has now become completely demoralized, and lets in the rain like a sieve. I would have written to you last mail, but the rain fell so fast on the paper that I gave it up in despair.

There was a great increase of sickness in all the regiments, and a good many cases of cholera, almost every regiment having four or five cases. The 48th Regiment, which has lately arrived, and is next to us, lost four or five men a day for several days; we have only had one case, which proved fatal in about eight hours. On the whole the health of the army is good, and both officers and men are exceedingly anxious to take the field.

There are all sorts of rumours afloat, and some say positively that the 3rd and light

Divisions will start next week. I do not myself think there is any chance of this. I am still obstinately of opinion that we ought to take the south side before we attempt to invest the north, and I copy out for you No. 26 and No. 30 of Napoleon's military maxims, which I think are appropriate to our situation: '26. It is contrary to all true principles to make corps which have no communication act separately against a central force whose communications are open. 30. Nothing is so rash or so contrary to principle as to make a flank march before an army in position, especially when this army occupies heights at the foot of which you are forced to defile.' I have also latterly come to the conclusion that the Russians are prepared to abandon the south side in the event of its being very vigorously attacked.

About three days ago I spent about four hours examining the Russian works on both sides of the harbour, and I was surprised to

find that, though they were still repairing a little of the damage done during the bombardment, yet that the mass of their workmen were employed on the north side building batteries close down to the water's edge, apparently for the purpose of commanding the harbour and the south side of it, should it be taken.

The mass of the batteries that they are now building do not command the town, but the land between the Malakoff Tower and the harbour. A great part of the defences round and about the Flagstaff and Garden batteries is in ruins, yet there are very few men employed in repairing them; whilst on the north side men are working in tens of thousands; it really resembles an ant-hill.

The engineers and artillery are as confident as ever that the next bombardment is to destroy everything. It certainly will be a terrible affair; the lightest gun in the trenches will be a 32-pounder, and all our Green Hill

batteries, which were in the first parallel at the last bombardment, will be advanced to the second parallel, which is about 400 or 500 yards nearer. The number of guns will not be much increased, but all the 24-pounders will be changed to 32's. We are making a fourth parallel in front of our advanced trench of the left attack, but it is not intended to have guns in it.

You must at home be a good deal bothered with the names of the different fortifications and attacks. You know, I suppose, when speaking of the right or left attack, we are speaking of the English trenches, and entirely irrespective of the right and left attacks of the French; our part of the trenches is the left attack, and there is much less fighting in it than in the right attack. However, when the new parallel is made we fear we shall not have such a quiet time. I must tell you that the most determined fire-eater hates the thought of being attacked at night. We

had a very sharp night fight in the left attack at the beginning of the week. I will give you a little account of it, which will serve as a description of most of the attacks on the advance. The trench was occupied by a party composed of the 68th, 46th, and Rifle Brigade—the 68th on the left, the 46th in the centre, and the Rifles on the right. The night was so dark that nothing was visible except between you and the sky, and there was a storm of wind and rain; all this of course made the officers uneasy, and the sentries were incessantly visited. At about 12 o'clock the sentries in front of the left fired, and came into the trench, and the whole stood to their arms. The Russians advanced in strong columns, and tried to force their way in opposite the 68th, who gave them repeated volleys, and resisted them in the most determined manner with the bayonet. About thirty Russians and two officers got actually into the trench and suc-

ceeded in spiking a gun. Both the officers were killed and several of the men. About twenty of the 46th were engaged along with the 68th and they sent up to McAllister, who commanded the body, for assistance. He was just hesitating whether he should abandon his part of the trench and go to them or not, when a Russian bugler jumped up on the parapet close to them and sounded their 'advance.' McAllister's first thought was, 'How well the fellow bugles!' He then turned to the man next to him and said, 'Why don't you shoot him?' The man answered, 'Blood and 'oun's! is that a Rooshian?' and immediately shot the bugler dead. The party then fired volleys over the parapet, which prevented the Russians advancing. The night was so dark that they could not see a man, but they could hear the words of command and the tramping of feet.

The bugler must have been a gallant fellow. He was a very old man.

In the meantime the fight raged furiously on the left, but the 68th turned the Russians out of the trench, and fired volleys over it. They dared not pursue them as they were not more than 200 strong, but waited impatiently for the reserve to come up. The stupid fool who commanded the reserve brought them up by the zig-zag of the trenches instead of coming the short way across the plain; by the time they arrived the Russians had gone off, carrying their dead with them; they left, however, nine behind in the trench. The 68th had 1 officer killed and 29 men killed and wounded; the officer was a young captain of the name of Edwardes, a very nice fellow, and heir to £12,000 a year. The 46th had three men wounded, all shot through the lungs; one of them is since dead, and another, I fear, is not likely to recover, as he blew out a candle through the hole in his back the other night. The only Russian prisoner taken

is since dead; he said they attacked 2,000 strong.

It is extraordinary how different the spirit of the despatches is from what one hears in camp. I make this observation after reading a despatch about the taking of the rifle-pits by the 77th (a gallant but ill-managed affair); the despatch gives great praise to the Brigadier-General and Lieut.-Colonel; those engaged speak most slightingly of their arrangements.

I begin to think that all history must be one mass of lies, as I find it almost impossible here, when on the spot, to be at all certain of the truth of anything. Certain it is that the right men seldom get the credit. To give you an instance. Lieutenant Maxse has always had the credit of being the officer who carried the message from Mackenzie's farm to the *Belbec* for the fleet to come round to Balaclava; yet I am assured that this 'celebrated ride,' as it has been so often

called, was accomplished by Colonel Wyndham and Captain Hugh Smith of the Staff, two hours before Maxse did it, and that they were actually sitting in the Admiral's cabin, having delivered their message, when Maxse arrived.

I think Sir Charles Trevelyan made a pretty good defence of the commissariat department before the committee; but there are still many points I should like to see cleared up. I know that sufficient efforts were not made to get transport animals, and that immense steamers were lying at Balaclava doing nothing. I know that many ponies could have been bought for small sums about the camp as late as the middle of December, as their owners were obliged to turn them loose for want of forage. I perfectly recollect in December buying a pony and pack-saddle for two shillings; I took off the pack-saddle and turned the pony loose. On the same day one of the men of my com-

pany bought a mare and foal for two shillings, and the foal would have been eaten that very day if rations had not luckily arrived. There were loose ponies near the trenches which might have been turned to account if there had been any proper head to direct. I do not mean that ponies were often as cheap as that, but inferior ponies could have been had up to the end of December for about £5 apiece, and they would have been an immense relief to our unfortunate fatigue-parties.

In spite of Mr. Stafford and Sergeant Dawson, I agree with Sir Charles about the green coffee, which certainly kept its flavour better from being unroasted. The green coffee was certainly a grievance, but it was the want of firewood which made it so; our coffee has never been so good since it was served out roasted and ground. I am not of opinion that coffee ought to be served out in berries, as it takes time, and wears out the

canteen lids cooking; but it was not such a tremendous grievance as people try to make out.

Have you read 'The Roving Englishman in Turkey'? It seems written by a man who knows a good deal of the country.* He does not give a very flattering account of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. He (Lord S.) was here the other day, but I did not see him. Miss Nightingale is here at present. I saw her the other day and liked her looks very much. I am sorry to say she has got fever, but is not at present in any danger. Of all the notables I have seen, Omar Pasha pleased me most. I had a very good view of him one day, being in the same shop with him for some time. He is rather a spare man, and notwithstanding his white beard and whiskers does not look more than forty. He does not in any way resemble the pictures I have seen of him. He is a very dark, sun-

* By Grenville Murray.

burnt man, with deepset brown eyes, rather a small, square face, bushy eyebrows, thick gray moustache, white whiskers and beard, both very short; he has a most pleasant smile, but is, I should think, a most determined man; his forehead is not high, but broad and prominent. He seems to dispense with all formality, jumping off his horse before the anxious orderlies could catch hold of it. He came into the shop where I was, and where some English subalterns were drinking champagne; he laughingly remarked that everyone seemed to drink champagne in the Crimea, and he didn't see why he should not have some also. He wore a plain, dark gray single-breasted frock-coat, without any lace, and a fez. Sometimes, however, he wears a coat which would be blue cloth if it was not almost entirely covered with gold embroidery, and has the hilt of his scimitar covered with diamonds. He rode such a horse—a bright chestnut

with a coat like silk, immense limbs, and the action of a deer. I saw him another day on a thoroughbred gray Arab horse; he was showing some English officers the mark on the neck, which the Turks call the 'Prophet's thumb,' and which is supposed to be only found in the purest breed.

I think this must be the best place in the world to see the different breeds of horses together. To begin with, there is every variety of English horse, and you may see in one day quiet old hunters, hot pulling steeple-chasers, lazy, slouching race-horses, and solemn old dray-horses. These last are the only animals that seem in any way to surprise a Turk, and their astonishment at them is unbounded. Then there are as many sorts of French horses—fat, white, round-crested and round-quartered Norman horses for the artillery; great showy bay horses from Alsace for the heavy cavalry, and the little gaunt, hairy 'chevaux de

Tarbes' for the light cavalry. Among the 10th Hussars you see beautiful Bombay Arabs (their quarters nearly a straight line from the saddle to the tail), and flat-sided, slack-loined Herat horses from the Persian Gulf. Among the 12th Lancers you find wiry little horses from the Cape of Good Hope, and handsome 'Company's stud' from Madras. There are the glossy barbs from Morocco and Algiers, with high prancing action, short prick ears, drooping quarters, and such ridiculous manes and tails that they always remind me of a woman with her back hair down. There are the beautiful fat, round, gentle-tempered horses that the Turkish officers ride; they walk with a quick, short step, nodding their heads as they go. There are angular, raw-boned, well-bred looking brutes from Asia Minor, formerly the property of Bashi Bazouks, now ridden by British subalterns; these are always racing with little Cossack

ponies, with mouths like iron, and necks set on the wrong way, that is, with the arch downwards. It is a toss up which wins; that depends a good deal on the rider's spurs. There are many other sorts which I cannot fill up my paper by mentioning. I am well-off for horses myself; I have got a fine old black mare, an English hunter, who now and then wins a race for me. She lived a great part of the winter on biscuit and potato peeling, but has now completely recovered her condition. I have also a nice half-bred Arab pony, a gray about fourteen hands high, and not too proud to carry baggage; he is also pretty fast, but has not managed to run better than second.

I must now think of winding up my letter, as I am for the trenches to-night, and have not yet dined. I am fortunately only in charge of a working-party, so I shall be back in the morning. The day-time is now much the worst in the trenches, as the sun has got

dreadfully hot. I forgot ever to acknowledge the receipt of the *Observer* newspaper, which for the last five weeks I have received regularly; before that they only came now and then; pray continue the subscription and charge the whole of it to me.

If Peat's saddlery has not yet left, ask him to put in a pair of holster wallets instead of holsters for me, and this whether I get my promotion or not. I have not seen or heard of Frank DuCane for a month; I think he must be at Varna.

To his Cousin, Mrs. Giffard.

Camp,
May 24.

Since I last wrote to England I have been appointed to the post of 'Assistant Engineer,' that is, I do engineer officer's duty instead of doing duty with my regiment. I am transferred to what is called the Right Attack, and my tent is now pitched about

three miles further to the right of the line of operations than where the 46th are. The duty I have to do now is very different from what I had before, and my turn of duty comes much oftener. I suppose when you read the papers you must be very much bothered by the terms you find, and have a very vague idea of the way a siege is conducted. I will endeavour to be as simple and unscientific as possible. To approach a fortified place with any sort of safety, it is necessary to have a ditch or trench for the men to walk in as soon as they come within reach of the guns. It is evident that if the trench went straight up to the place it would be enfiladed, that is, the guns would fire along it lengthwise, and would destroy every one in it. It is, therefore, necessary to make the trench a zig-zag, and contrive it so that no part of it shall be enfiladed. This is comparatively easy work when there is only one fort to attack, but when there are a

number of detached forts, as here, it is almost impossible.

The ordinary duty of engineer officers is to go out at night and mark out the lines along which the advancing trenches are to be dug, and afterwards to superintend the making of them. When at a distance from the place attacked, making a trench is easy work, and can be done by men working by night with pickaxes and shovels; but when you get near to the place, and are exposed to the musketry fire, it is a very different affair; you then proceed by sapping, that is, making a cover for the men to work behind as you advance. This is done by means of large baskets, called gabions, which are rolled up one by one to the men at the head of the trench, who then stick them up on end, and fill them with earth to make them proof against the musketry. This affords some shelter, and enables the men to dig; but even with the greatest care it

is most dangerous work, and many men are killed at it. At present there is none of this work going on, and our trenches are not advancing an inch; it must, however, be resumed if we are to take Sebastopol.

The Russians have fairly checkmated us in engineering—at least for the present. Their principle now is whenever they see a trench advancing to build a rifle-pit as nearly as possible where the trench must come. These pits are little fortifications made of earth, and loopholed for musketry; when the trench comes within a very short distance of a rifle-pit, it is impossible for the sappers to work, and the rifle-pit has to be taken by assault.

They defend these pits with the greatest obstinacy (heroism it would be called if they were our own side), and when we take them they make others next night a little further back, and then it is *da capo*. The quantity of men that the French lose at this sort of

work is terrible; the night before last they lost nearly 700, most of them Imperial Guards, and, I believe, did not gain an equivalent advantage. The duty the English engineers are employed on at present is merely repairing and making batteries, platforms, etc., and is not a bit more dangerous than any other duty in the trenches. It is not very hard at present; I am off duty for thirty-six hours, and then on for twelve. On the whole I like it better than doing duty with the regiment. I get seven shillings a day extra pay, and forage for two horses; but this is not what induced me to take the appointment, so much as a desire to learn something more of the work; and, besides, it is always a good thing to be chosen out of the mass for any particular duty, as it keeps the authorities in mind that there is such a person as myself in existence.

We know nothing as to the day fixed for the next bombardment, but it may come off

now at any time, as the batteries are all ready, and there are at least 500 rounds per gun in the trenches. I do not think that even engineer officers in England can quite picture to themselves the vastness of the operations out here; all the sieges of the Peninsula put together are nothing in magnitude to this one; where in former days they used 18 and 24-pounders, we use 78's and 84's, and I am sure we must have at least 50 miles of trenches. Statistics only confuse one, so I will not bother you with figures more than just to say that the expenditure of powder will have to be reckoned by thousands *of tons*, and shot by tens of thousands.

I am sorry that I have not been able to make the acquaintance of Captain Giffard of the *Leopard*. I intended to call and thank him for bringing out a parcel for me, but twice when I went to Kamiesch for that purpose I found his ship was not there. I met Captain Johnson of the *Megæra* at

Sinope when I was on sick leave, and liked the little I saw of him very much. My acquaintance with poor Twyford* was very slight, having been introduced to him only a few days before he was killed; he bore a very high character out here.

I have seen nothing of Frank DuCane for some time; he is now at Varna, and very anxious to leave it. The weather here is now most beautiful, and although many complain of the heat I do not suffer at all from it. It was said positively that 40,000 French and Sardinians were to have started into the interior to-day; however, they have not started, and it is now said they will go to-morrow, so I shall not be able to see them off. I suspect the expedition is only meant as a reconnaissance.

I dare say you will hear all about the Kertch expedition before we do. Our men (I mean the line regiments) are worked very

* Captain Johnson's brother-in-law.

hard at present on account of the large numbers sent down every day to the trenches, but their health is good, and they are in excellent spirits. The French are getting tremendous reinforcements, but I don't think they are in as good spirits as the English. I think that on the whole they are rather glad that Canrobert is superseded, as they were tired of his theatrical speeches, generally commencing with 'Soldats vos peines sont presque finies!'

'The French are in great disfavour with the engineer officers of the right attack, who maintain that they ought to take by assault the work called the Mamelon, and that then the siege would be able to progress. I certainly can see no reason why the Mamelon should not be taken without losing more than a couple of thousand men, and I think that it is worth the sacrifice.

To Mrs. Russell.

Camp,
May 28.

I am still doing duty as engineer in the right attack, and hope that I shall not hear that I am a Major until the next bombardment is over. Everything is kept profoundly secret as to the day we open fire again, but I think we shall do so before you receive this letter, and very probably within a few days. In our part of the trenches everything is ready except one new mortar-battery, which will be completely finished in three days more.

I like my present work very much; that is, as much as I shall ever do anything connected with war. The army is now in excellent spirits, the extension of our lines and the success of the Kertch expedition having put them in high good-humour. I have heard from good authority that the letters found at Kertch from Sebastopol

prove that the Russian army is in a very bad condition. I really believe that the next bombardment will be successful, and in thinking this I am not influenced by the account of letters found at Kertch, but by seeing the preparations the Russians have made in the event of quitting the south side. What I complain of in this siege is the apparent want of any grand design or energy; nothing is done except what seems to me might be done by any third-class military engineer.

Would you like to have my ideas as to how the place should be taken? Instead of extending our lines I should have kept every man (and there were 180,000 of them) on the plateau; I should send down 5,000 Sardinians, and as many French and English as could be spared, to build batteries in the most advanced trenches; I should dismantle three or four line-of-battle ships, put their guns into these batteries, and send their

crews down to work them; this would give me three or four hundred more guns of the largest calibre.

I would sap forward day and night, although it cost me a man per foot and an officer per yard; I would carry the whole of the rifle-pits by assault at once, and not by driblets; I would have a light division, consisting of the 10th Hussars, 12th Lancers, Chasseurs d'Afrique, and such-like real light troops, incessantly hovering about Tchourgoum and Mackenzie's farm, harassing the enemy as much as possible, but never risking a battle; as long as my ammunition lasted I would keep up a bombardment by day and night, and I would give my final assault a quarter of an hour before daylight, with 40,000 men, on eight different points at once. I would rather go in by noonday than try a night attack, as with all our bragging the British soldier is a bit of a coward at night.

You will think this a very rude scheme, but I think we ought to try something on a larger scale than even our next bombardment. I was on duty the day the French went to Tchourgoum, and can give you no account of the reconnaissance. I do not know what orders the corps d'armée under Canrobert has got, but I do not think they are meant to remain where they are at present, as their position is decidedly a weak one; and I should think if they were attacked in force they would have to fall back on the line of Turkish redoubts near Balaclava.

This they could do with great ease, as they have no material or stores to carry with them. The late extension of our lines has been a source of the greatest enjoyment to us; it is such a relief after the barren hills we have been on so long to ride away towards the vale of Baidar, over meadows, where the wild flowers (poppies, roses, lark-

spurs, and wild mustard) are literally up to your stirrup-irons, or to lie under some shady hillock, watching your horse's delight at the long grass, and the eager way in which he makes up for his long winter's fast.

I think about Tchourgoum the country is one of the most beautiful I ever saw in my life—something in the county Wicklow style, but wilder, and the vegetation more luxuriant. The entrance to the vale of Baidar (which is the advanced post of the Sardinians and the termination of our ride) reminds me much of the Devil's Glen above Loch Goil, only that the hills are here covered with brushwood, and we have Cossacks instead of cattle.

I think there are no people in the army who can find out so thoroughly the temper and disposition of the private soldiers as engineer officers. An engineer has every night several hundred men of different regiments working close to him, and, as it is so dark that they often cannot see him,

his presence in no way restrains their remarks. As far as I can see the men are heartily sick of the siege, but more than ever determined to take the place; they are by no means eager to assault at present, and they scoff at the big guns, and think, to use their own words, 'Sebastopol must be taken by the pick and spade;' they have a perfect horror of night assaults.

The following is a specimen of the sort of conversation one hears among the working-parties:

First Irishman. 'Och, bedad! I lade a worse life here nor a rabbit.'

Second Irishman. 'Is it a rabbit? Faix! I wish I wor a rabbit, for though they shoot the poor baste all day they can't make him pick all night.'

Third Irishman. 'Whisht, boys, here's the engineer!' (A short silence.)

Fourth Irishman. 'Well, I'd as soon see

a Rooshian come over the parapet as an engineer; they're worse nor the docthers.'

Third Irishman. 'What did they do to you, Pat?'

Fourth Irishman. 'Well, Friday was a week I was working in this battery, and a shell came in and killed poor Jim Flanagan, and wounded two more; and they sent me for the docther, and when I was going up the trinch I meets the engineer, a little sprig of a chap, and, says he: "Where are you going?" Says I, "I'm going for the docther." "What's the matter?" says he. Says I, "There's six men kilt wid a shell." "Is there?" says he. "Then tell the Adjutant to send me six more, and look sharp about it." Divil a word more he said. He might 'a said, "Poor fellows!"'

Fifth Irishman. 'Ach! hould your chat; sure the Frinch lose a thousand men a night under the Mammyloon, and never say a word about it.'

First Irishman. 'Well, it bates me how the officers understand them Frinchmen; sure, they talk like ducks.'

Fifth Irishman. 'Arrah, will ye mind your picking? I believe you've tuk my foot off,' and so on.

Sometimes when there is only a little firing at them, it is very difficult to keep the men from exposing themselves, but if the bullets are coming in pretty fast they take very good care.

I find the best way to keep them in order is by ironical language, and not by threatening them. If I see a man exposing himself, I generally say, 'Go outside the sap, you sir, if you want to get shot, and don't be drawing down fire on better men;' or, 'Now, you sir, I am not going to stop the sap to carry your carcass home. Keep your head down, will you.' I find this has a much better effect than threatening to punish them—a mode of proceeding they are greatly

averse to, except with their own immediate officers.

You asked in your last letter whether I considered the position of the allies impregnable. I should say that it is perfectly safe, although I have no doubt that a vigorous attack would drive Canrobert's corps within their old lines. I went the other day to see a theatrical performance got up by the 2nd Zouaves. It was admirably done; the pieces were acted under a kind of canvas pavilion, and the spectators sat in a large amphitheatre made of turf. There were side-scenes, drop-scenes, orchestra, and everything correct; the pieces were light vaudevilles, the same as one sees either at the Palais Royal or St. James's. They were: 'Les Anglaises pour rire,' 'Le garçon chez Very,' and others. The acting was most excellent, and there were some clever local hits introduced.

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

Camp,
June 2.

Thanks for your letter, which gave me the first news of my majority, as I was not sufficiently excited about it to ask for the papers so soon as the mail arrived; as I have to go down to the trenches about 6 o'clock this evening I have only time to write a very hurried scrawl, and will perhaps write another when I come off duty to-morrow morning.

I have not yet been sent back to my regiment, as I got General Jones to apply for leave for me to remain a little longer with the engineers. I can give you pretty good information as to the present plan of attack, but I have no doubt you will have heard of its success or failure long before this letter reaches you. It is intended very shortly—probably about Monday or Tuesday—to open all the batteries, and after a short

bombardment to attack the whole line of trench and rifle-pits extending from the Redan to Inkerman, and if possible carry the Mamelon also. The English will take the Quarry (which is just in front of the Redan), and all the rifle-pits in front of the right attack. The French will take everything else from that up to Inkerman. On the extreme left, if the French advance at all, it will be into the bastions and over the loopholed wall.

If all these are successful the fire is to reopen again, and as soon as the artillery has done its utmost the general assault will be given. I do not think the English can do any good at the left attack further than making a feint or diversion. I am pretty sure that this is the present plan of operations, although it is almost certain to be altered by some of the thousand contingencies that may occur.

I cannot suggest a better plan, but I think

that after the quarry is taken we should again commence systematic approaches, as there is at least 400 yards of open ground to cross between the Quarry and the Redan, and between the Mamelon and the Round Tower. All sorts of rumours reach us here as to successes in the Sea of Azof, but I have not been able to trace them to a credible source.

In the hospital of the 34th Regiment (which is the next regiment to where I am living) there is a wounded Russian, a very intelligent fellow, who, when told that Kertch was taken and destroyed, at once remarked that it was all up with Sebastopol. I hope his words are prophetic; we also hear dreadful accounts of the sufferings of the Russian army from sickness. As soon as this next attack is over I shall quit the engineers and return to my regiment, and it is, indeed, only as a very great favour that I am allowed to remain at all.

To Mrs. Russell.

Camp,
June 11.

You have no doubt had long detailed accounts of all the fighting here before this letter reaches you, but as it almost all took place under my own eyes, I think I can give you a more truthful account of it than many who were actually engaged. I had known for some days that it had been determined to assault the Mamelon and the Quarries simultaneously, and by daylight, after twenty-four hours of bombardment. The fire opened at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th, and although the Russians seemed taken a little by surprise, yet in about a quarter of an hour they had all their guns in full play. The fire was kept up very steadily by both parties without any apparent advantage on either side.

The next morning I went to the batteries on duty at about 5 o'clock, and the fire opened more tremendously than ever. Of

all the dreadful places in the world, I think a battery under a hot sun and a heavy fire is the most dreadful. There is none of the excitement of personal conflict; you become blackened with smoke, whilst every shot that strikes the parapet covers you with dust, and the heat and noise are almost unendurable. Then the nature of the wounds is so dreadful; you see men cut to pieces with a round shot, or blown up with a shell, so that there is no trace of their having been human beings left. I saw myself a sailor blown up by a 13-inch shell; he was blown at least forty feet high, and fell at a distance of seventy-eight paces from where I was standing. I must say, however, that this is a solitary instance, and was never seen before during the siege; I have seen many men killed by shells, but never anything like that one.

Before we had been an hour in the batteries, poor Dawson, the engineer officer

who was on duty with me, had his head knocked off by a round shot, and the whole duty of looking after the batteries on the right attack was left to me. The duty of the engineer officer is to walk continually round the batteries ordering such repairs as he thinks necessary. This is done by the sappers, whose duty is the most dangerous of any, as whenever an embrasure gets out of order the sappers have to jump up into it and put it to rights. I was much pleased with the men under me, who worked outside the parapet (sometimes during the hottest fire) with the greatest coolness. I dare say you would like to know what my own sensations were when standing on the top of the parapet. I assure you I felt neither fear nor excitement; I had almost the same feelings as I have had when long-stopping to a swift bowler on bad ground, except that there my anxiety was to stop the balls, whilst here I had every wish to let them pass.

I have seen disputes in the English papers as to whether a cannon-ball can be seen in the air. The fact is, some persons can see them, whilst others cannot ; I can see on a tolerably clear day every ball from the moment it leaves the gun, whether it is going towards me, or from me, but not at all if it is fired across. Almost anyone, except absolutely short-sighted people, can see a mortar-shell, but some people are much quicker in catching sight of them than others. As soon as I hear the look-out man say 'Mortar from the round tower,' or whatever else he says, I as soon as possible catch sight of the shell, and make up my mind where it is going to drop ; with practice one gets to judge this with great accuracy. If I think it is going to drop near me, I move slowly away from the spot, but never take my eyes off it ; when it falls, if very close, I lie down or get under cover of a traverse ; if a little distance off, I stand quite still and

look out for the splinters. When two or three come at once it complicates matters immensely.

Until about 11 o'clock on the 7th, the Russians kept up their fire very well; but from that time it was manifest that ours was superior, and gun after gun was silenced, until, at about 4 o'clock, there was not one-third of the number they had in the morning firing.

Five o'clock was the hour appointed for the attack on the Quarries and the Mamelon; and I took up a good position for a view of the Mamelon attack, at about 800 yards distance. It did not, however, come off till about 6 o'clock. At that hour about 3,000 men rushed out from the French trenches, and ran straight towards the Mamelon, the Zouaves, as usual, leading. They were in no sort of order, but ran up the hill like a flock of sheep. The distance was about 400 yards, and the Russians were completely

taken by surprise. A few tried to form on the parapet to receive the French; but they were too late, and I don't think the French lost twenty men before the Russians were in full retreat towards the Malakoff works.

Then came the great mistake of the day. The French, flushed with their easy victory, pushed on to the Malakoff works (about 500 yards further) without order, expecting to carry all before them; but here the Russians were ready for them. They formed in immense numbers on the parapet, and gave them volley after volley. The French fell in scores; but parts of three regiments—the 4th Rifles, the 50th Light Infantry, and the Arabs*—pushed bravely on to the very edge of the ditch. The Arabs, in their beautiful blue dresses and turbans, were

* The Tirailleurs Indigènes (commonly called 'Turcos'); they were not Zouaves, though similarly dressed, but in light blue. They were excellent troops, next in value to the Zouaves. (Extract from a letter from Sir J. Browne, R.E., K.C.B.).—ED.

particularly conspicuous; but it was useless, and they had to retire hastily. The Russians then came out after them in great force to retake the Mamelon, and a kind of panic seemed to seize the French. After a very short resistance in the Mamelon, they were driven down the hill again almost as fast as they came up.

At this time I saw four of the French officers who behaved with the greatest gallantry; they stood with their backs to the enemy, and tried everything in their power to induce their men to stand. Two of them were killed, the others joined their men. When I saw the red trousers coming down the hill in full retreat, I shut up my telescope in despair, and said to those about me, 'It is all over; we shall never see the inside of Sebastopol.'

I had hardly spoken when the French reserves (about 7,000 strong), which were too far to the rear, came rapidly up to the

front, tearing over the trenches in no sort of order. They went up the hill with such impetuosity that they carried all before them, and got into the Mamelon again almost as quickly as the first party had done. Here the Russians made a firm stand, and the fight lasted about half an hour before they were driven out; and, indeed, it became so dark that it was difficult to make out the different parties.

The French on the right, near Inkerman, had simultaneously carried the Volhynia redoubt (the place where they had been so beaten in February), and another just behind it, but not without some loss. The English were late in their attack on the Quarries, and did not start until half an hour after the French. They also succeeded at first with great ease, and committed the same mistake as the French, by pushing forward further than they ought to have done, and going nearly up to the Redan. The Russians came

out in great force, and drove us back into the Quarries with much loss.

I saw no part of this fight except the flashes of musketry towards the end of it when it was quite dark, and therefore can only give you a hearsay account of it; but there is no doubt that it was a terribly ill-managed affair. We were beaten back several times, and very nearly had to give in altogether. Our reserves were too far off, there was not a proper supply of ammunition, and the attacking party was not sufficiently strong; the consequence was that we were obliged to make the working party, who were carrying tools and gabions, throw them down and set to work fighting; and when they were beaten back, the Russians took the gabions and carried them into the Redan. Our loss in officers and men has been very great, much more than the place is worth.

In my opinion the place (the Quarries I mean) might have been taken without the

loss of a single man, if we had only waited till the French had possession of the Mamelon. This is the fault of the engineer officers, who will not for a moment allow that they have made such a blunder; but nevertheless I am sure it is the case, as when in the Mamelon I saw plainly that it took in reverse the whole of the trench by which the Russians communicated with the Quarries, and would have entirely cut off the communication with them.

I went down into our advanced trench close to the Quarries towards the end of the fight, and the scene there was indescribable. The narrow trench was filled with a stream of wounded men and officers being carried to the rear; some on stretchers, others on men's shoulders, whilst going the contrary way to them, in the same trench, were the working parties and reserves, hurrying forward with ammunition, tools, and gabions, the two parties constantly coming in collision.

The night was so dark you could not distinguish people's faces; round-shot came crashing into the trench, striking down fresh men every two or three minutes. Everybody seemed asking for everybody else, and there was, in fact, all the dreadful confusion incidental to every night fight. Having no business or authority there, I thought I had better be off as soon as possible, and returned again to the batteries.

The next day there was another dreadful sight, the ground in front of the Redan and Malakoff works was covered with dead—French, English, and Russians. In front of the Redan there were at least four dead Russians for every Englishman, and in front of the Malakoff four dead Frenchmen to every Russian. Some of the Frenchmen near the Malakoff works were alive, and the poor fellows lay there all day in the hot sun with our shells often bursting close to them. It was nearly forty-eight hours before the

armistice took place, and they were carried away; I counted six that were still alive, and that were taken away. Imagine what their sufferings must have been.

During the night the Russians made several desperate attempts to get the Quarries back from us, but were beaten with great loss. It is difficult to overestimate the advantage gained by us in the capture of the Mamelon and the redoubts on Mount Sapoune. Unless the most extraordinary errors are made the capture of Sebastopol is certain, and that within three or four weeks; I mean the south side. Pelissier and General Jones (the engineer) were anxious to have assaulted on Sunday morning (yesterday), but Lord Raglan (I believe) positively refused.

On Sunday, however, we (the English) lost about fifty men in three hours in the Quarries by shells and round-shot, and it is said that this has made him change his mind

a little. The present intention is that the French shall build an eighteen-gun battery on the Mamelon, and that we should build a three-gun battery at the Quarries; and, after twenty-four hours' bombardment, assault the Malakoff and the Redan simultaneously. It will be a shameful waste of life, as the Redan is quite untenable by the Russians after the Malakoff is taken.

The French have not been attacked since they took the Mamelon, which they ascribe to the splendid mortar practice of the English. For the first two nights after it was taken, we pitched into the Malakoff works (the nearest point to it) shells weighing 200 lb. each, at the rate of three a minute, all night long, so that it was almost impossible for a great number of troops to form up. If I was the Russian General I would risk all on the capture of the Mamelon, and would take it again though it cost me half my army. The interior of the Mamelon is a very curious

place. It is a hill of an oval shape, about twice as large as the burial-ground at Knock. In the centre of it a large excavation has been made to furnish earth for the parapet and traverses.

The first thing that struck me at the armistice was how much worse the Russians looked than they did on March 22. This time they looked both ill-fed and overworked; even the officers looked so. Many of the officers were quite boys, and looked very sad and downcast; the older ones tried to look cheerful, and were liberal with their cigars to us. All sorts of stories are afloat about the conversations held with them; but you may depend upon it they are not true, as nothing was said on either side but the commonest of commonplaces, touching the weather, etc. There were very few Albanians present.

Colonel Garrett met a general officer whom he had met at the last armistice, and who

immediately came up and shook hands with him. He was particularly downcast. The number of dead was very great. The French loss in killed and wounded is estimated at 60 officers and 2,200 men; this is not including what they lost at the Mount Sapoune redoubts. The possession of the Mamelon is, however, worth double the number. How anyone can like war, and find in it a pleasurable excitement, is to me a marvel. I can imagine people coming to it willingly a second time in the hopes of advancement or benefiting themselves, but for no other reason. Defending one's own country is, of course, a different thing. It is extraordinary how callous one becomes to suffering, and I entirely disbelieve in the tears that so many conquerors are said to have shed over the bodies of their soldiers.

I had rather an adventure last night. When out tracing the ground with another officer for a new work between the Redan

and the Quarries, the Russians in the Redan saw us, although there was no moon. They immediately fired at us, and our men in the Quarries fired at them. We lay flat on our faces whilst the belligerents fought a duel over us, being about 280 yards apart, whilst we were in the middle. This lasted about five minutes, and was anything but pleasant, as our own men's bullets came very close to us. However, eventually we crawled into the Quarry without being touched, and half an hour afterwards finished our work without molestation.

To his Brother John.

Camp,
June 25, 1855.

I had written great part of a letter to you by the last mail, intending to finish it on my return from the trenches, but I was unexpectedly detained there until after the mail had gone out. I fear that any detailed

account of our reverse the other day will now be quite stale, as you must have had many different accounts of it in the various newspapers. I do not think the real cause of such blundering having taken place will ever be known, as in the camp it is difficult to find twenty men with the same opinions on the subject.

I think I mentioned in my note to Jane that I was with the 2nd Division, and had charge of the scaling ladders for the party to attack the angle of the Redan. I had under me sixty sailors and sixty soldiers, and we took up our position about the centre of the 3rd parallel in front of Gordon's battery. It was never intended that we should move out until after the other two parties attacking the flanks were fairly engaged; and I consider it a most fortunate thing for us that we were not ordered out at all; if we had been I do not think half a dozen men would have reached the abattis, as we had at least 200

yards further to go across the open ground, and were in the very worst line of fire.

The troops assembled at their different stations at about 2 o'clock a.m.; but I had been down in the trenches nearly twelve hours previously, putting affairs into order, arranging ladders, gabions, woolpacks, grappling irons, etc., and I was pretty tired by the time the troops arrived. Everything in the way of arrangement went off pretty smoothly, and all took up the stations assigned them without any confusion. Before daylight we were given to understand that there would be at least two or three hours' heavy firing from the batteries before the assault was attempted, and we were therefore much surprised to hear, just as daylight was breaking, the heavy fire of musketry under the Malakoff works. About ten minutes afterwards, when there was about enough light to see 300 yards, the signal rockets went up from the eight-gun battery, where

Lord Raglan was stationed, for the two parties (4th and light Divisions) to attack. Who is responsible for this error I cannot say, but most people lay the blame on Sir George Brown, who they say persuaded Lord Raglan that the French had possession of the Malakoff, and that it was time for us to move out. Others again say that it had been agreed that when the French had possession of the Malakoff a blue flag was to be hoisted on it, and that the Russians having hoisted a black flag (their signal for reinforcements) it was mistaken for the French signal; others again maintain that Lord Raglan saw the French were beaten, and sent forward the English in the hope of drawing fire off them, in order that they might rally again.

However it was, Lord Raglan saw his mistake, and determined that the parties that went on should be sacrificed without pushing up either the 2nd Division or the supports;

and in this I think he was right. I always thought that any attack on the Redan, as long as the Malakoff was in the hands of the Russians, would be a gross mistake. I do not believe if we had taken the Redan on the 18th that we could have held it for half an hour. However, that has nothing to do with the failure of the assault, the grand reason for which I believe to have been that proper use was not made of our artillery. The mortars were fired all night, but scarcely a single gun, and I think if two or three hours' heavy battering had been kept up it would have been impossible for the Russians to have kept so large an amount of men ready to receive us in their works. The head-quarter staff complain bitterly of the French, who they say changed their plans at the last moment, and determined to assault without any previous artillery fire. Altogether the *entente cordiale* is not at all improved by this disaster, and I know that Lord Raglan openly

complained of the injustice of a message sent to him by Pelissier immediately after the failure, but I do not know what the terms of the message were. When I wrote my note to Jane I had only just returned from the trenches, and knew nothing of the proceedings on the left under General Eyre.

Poor Sir John Campbell, who was killed at the Redan, is much regretted by all who knew him. He entirely lost his head, and jumped over the parapet waving his sword, and leading on the men as if he had been an ensign, and in his confusion led his men the wrong way. You will observe what a large number of officers we have lost. The fact is that only the officers and the best of the men ever reached the abattis; a good many of the men did not behave at all well. The army does not consist of anything like so fine a set of men as those that fought at Alma and Inkerman. I really believe, however, that the men had to endure a heavier fire

going up to the Redan than they did at either Alma or Inkerman. To see the clouds of dust raised by the grape and canister falling amongst them, you would have wondered how a man remained alive. Nevertheless I do not think any but the younger soldiers turned; as for the officers, they went on as long as they could crawl, with the exception of one man.

I do not think it can be possible to find a more daring set of men than the English officers. Since the war began I have never heard of more than three men who have been in any way accused of cowardice, two noblemen and one Lieutenant risen from the ranks. Lord —— and Lieutenant —— have had to leave the service.

I think it is pretty certain you will hear nothing more of an assault on the Redan. We are now building a battery of six guns to play upon a part of the Redan which annoys the French when assaulting the Malakoff.

Whether the English will take part in it or not, I cannot say, but unless the grossest mistakes are committed success is a certainty. I am sorry to say that some of the chief engineers are in rather low spirits about our prospects of taking the place, particularly Lieut.-Colonel Gordon. I confess if the next attack on the Malakoff fails that we shall be in a bad way. I have made up my mind now to be here another winter, as I do not see how a sufficient amount of shipping can be procured to take us away. The French have nearly completed their fortifications at Kamiesch, which are built solely with a view to cover our retreat. In about six weeks from this time I shall be writing to you for a stock of warm clothing, etc.

The night before the assault was attempted I had a very narrow escape of being taken prisoner. Captain De Moleyns, of the engineers, and myself, volunteered to attempt to measure the depth of the Redan. We

had very faint hopes of succeeding, but we started at about 12 o'clock at night with plummets, and crawled out of our most advanced sap, he taking the left face of the Redan and I the right. The night was rather too light, as we could see about thirty or forty yards. I was alone, but De Moleyns had with him an officer of the rifles, who was in the trenches, and who wished to go with him. I went through the long grass and stones like a lizard for about 200 yards, and having got pretty close to the abattis, was raising myself on my hands and knees to look for a place to get through when I heard a remark in a low tone of voice close to me. I imagine the remark was 'There he is,' for looking to my right I saw four Russians coming rapidly up with long strides in a stooping posture; they certainly were not more than twenty yards off, and looked like great cats between me and the sky; they could have had no boots on, as they went

perfectly noiselessly. In my life I never felt such a qualm of fear as shot through me at the sight of them, but it did not paralyze me in the least, for I jumped to my feet and went back to our own trench like a racehorse, with the Russians in hot pursuit. I cannot say whether they had arms or not, as I did not waste much time in looking at them, but at all events they did not fire. When I had run about forty or fifty yards I came head over heels into a hole, breaking my knees and losing my cap. I was up again in an instant, and when about forty or fifty yards further looked round, and saw the forms of the Russians fading in the distance. However, I never slacked my pace the least, but giving one cry to the men in our trench to mind their bayonets, I came in over the gabions like a deer. Although I had only run 200 yards, I was so distressed that I could hardly stand, and had to lie in the bottom of the trench to get my breath, all

the men thinking I was wounded. De Moleyns and the rifleman had been more fortunate; they had discovered the forms of ten or twelve Russians sitting in the grass outside the abattis and had beaten a hasty retreat without being pursued.

I was much grieved to hear of Giffard's death, although you had in some measure prepared me for it. I received a letter from Anna, in which she said her husband was better, and I was in great hopes he was going to get over it. Poor Anna,* what a series of trials she has had lately! Pray write to me often about her, how she is getting on, and where she is going to live.

My saddlery is arrived, and is exactly what I wanted. Good saddles fetch an immense price here at present; I saw £16 10s. paid

* In the short space of three years, 1853-5, Mrs. Giffard lost a brother, her only sister, her mother, husband, aunt, and her dearest friend and first cousin, Mrs. Russell (the sister of Colin Campbell), to whom many of these letters were written. She herself died in 1857.—Ed.

for one last week. Many thanks for the axe, which will be most useful on the march. Did you order any brass spurs with the boots from Rouse? if so, he did not send them, and the value of Wellington boots here without spurs is nil. I forgot also to request you to send out the sword which James gave me; perhaps, however, there will be some other opportunity.

I am sorry to say that there is a great deal of cholera about, chiefly confined to the regiments lately arrived. You will hear by this mail of General Estcourt's death. Generals Brown, Pennefather, and Codrington have been obliged to go away sick—the latter is a loss. I hear a rumour that General Airey was taken prisoner by the Cossacks yesterday, but have not time to ascertain the truth of it. Maxwell, Garrett and I had a very merry little gallop of two miles the other day with a Cossack after us. There was no danger whatever in it, as we should have knocked

him on the head if he had overtaken us. I have not time to describe the adventure at present.

To Mrs. Russell.

Camp,
June 29.

Since I wrote to John the other day nothing has occurred worthy of notice, but the siege is not by any means at a standstill, and we have been working away pretty vigorously. I believe the next thing that takes place will be an endeavour to destroy the shipping, in which I hope we shall be partially, if not wholly, successful. The ships are now all huddled up together near the middle of the harbour, and are just within range from the right, left and centre. The French have borrowed one of our large Lancaster guns, which they are going to place on the redoubt near Mount Sapoune, next the water, which they lately took from the

Russians, and with which they expect to rake the whole length of the harbour.

We were all startled this morning by the news of Lord Raglan's death, which no one was prepared for; I believe I may say he is universally regretted. We are, of course, very anxious to know who is to be his successor, and I confess I am at a loss where to pitch upon a better man. I believe General Simpson, who has now taken the command, to be the best in the army, but I fear he is too old and infirm. What we want at present is an active, bustling man, to be incessantly among and about the troops, and yet not to worry them more than he could possibly help. Fortunately for the army Sir —— has gone away sick. I believe if anyone would have driven the army to mutiny he would. I assure you the universal exclamation is, 'Heaven defend us from Sir ——!' I think Lord Raglan's greatest fault was his excessive good nature, and his wish to please

everybody who was in personal communication with him; he was no doubt a man of considerable talent, but his proper sphere was an office (either the Horse Guards or the Ordnance). Some here say that his death has been hastened by the reverse of the 18th, but this I do not believe, as he was a man of a very phlegmatic temperament.

The superior officers (the Generals) seem a good deal dispirited by our defeat—why I cannot think, as our loss was not so very alarming. One would think, to hear them talk, that we had never been beaten before, and that the failures at Burgos, Badajos, San Sebastian, and New Orleans had never taken place. If I was the General in superior command, I would forfeit my head if the place was not taken by the end of September. I do not think there ever was so great a certainty if some fixed plan of operations was framed and resolutely adhered to. Either the forts ought to be attacked in

detail, or the whole place stormed at once by immense assaulting columns.

I am at present in favour of attacking them in detail, commencing with the Malakoff. We have never yet concentrated our fire on the Malakoff to the extent we might have done, and I believe with the enormous amount of artillery we have we could pour into it such a fire we could carry it with ease.

I have not yet been able to find out why the attack on the 18th came off without any previous artillery fire. Some of the French say that the Colonel of the 5th Chasseurs mistook a war rocket for a signal rocket, and commenced the attack; others say that the Russians attacked them first. The most likely story I have heard is that the French made a mistake as to the number of men their trenches would hold, and, finding they could not conceal the whole of the assaulting columns, determined to assault before daylight discovered them to the enemy.

I saw St. Clair (57th) a day or two ago; he is almost quite recovered.* My health continues excellent; I am still an engineer, but shall give up the situation in disgust if I do not see something decisive is to be done soon. I begin to get tired of being shot at every thirty-six hours for seven shillings and sixpence a day, although I would do it for nothing if I could see we were progressing at all. I have no doubt I shall hear about you from Francis by the next mail, and shall be impatient for the letter.

To Mrs. Russell.

Camp,
July 14.

For the last few days we have not had so much to do, as more engineer officers have arrived from England. Our works progress but slowly, and not near so fast as they would if we had a good directing

* He was slightly wounded in the head.—Ed.

head and a better organization. Our principal work lately has been making large parallels, or *places d'armes*, as near as possible to the Redan, so as to have increased trench accommodation, and to be able to bring up more men to the assault; we are also making new batteries, but not near so many as we ought to make. I do not feel quite so certain as I was that we shall take the place, but I feel quite certain that we ought to do so, and if we had a Napoleon or a Wellington at the head of this army it would be taken before September 1.

People at home talk a great deal of nonsense about earthworks, as if it had not been known for the last century that earth withstood battering better than stone. All modern land fortifications, such as Portsmouth, Mantua, etc., have the ramparts and counterscarp of earth revetted (or faced) with stone or sods. Do you think if we were to raise the siege to-morrow, and come

back in a year or two, that we should not find that the Russians had turned their earthworks into such as I have described, and would have revetted the interior slope of their parapets, and their escarp and counterscarp walls, with stone? If they did not they would have as much trouble in repairing them during the next November rains as they have during our bombardment.

I think the principal mistakes in the siege are, first, that we do not concentrate our fire sufficiently; second, that there is not a proper intelligence and co-operation between the allied armies. I feel certain that we could build batteries in front of the quarries near the Redan that would materially aid the French on the left, and that a system of telegraphic communication could be kept up between the fleet, the French on the right and left, and ourselves, that would enable us to know almost everything going

on in Sebastopol, and thereby annoy the Russians exceedingly.

I believe General Simpson to be the best of the English Generals out here. He is a quiet, sensible, long-headed old Scotchman in private life, but it takes a good deal more than that to be a great General. I think General Barnard has head enough to be chief of the staff.

We are not advancing towards the Redan much, and are still 220 yards from it. The French are going rapidly up to the Malakoff, and are now within 120 yards. They lose about 55 men a day in their right attack, and we lose about 25 men a day in our right attack, and about three or four in our left. I do not know what the French lose in their left attack, but I should think about 20 or 30. These numbers include killed and wounded. The French are also, I suspect, losing a great many by sickness, but they keep it secret. The health of the British army is

pretty good, and cholera is disappearing. The officers are suffering in greater proportion than the men; I never was in better health than I am now. I do not think there is any chance of our beginning to bombard again before August.

Some great personage came into Sebastopol yesterday, and was received with a salute of twenty-one guns, and all the sailors were dressed in their best clothes. I should think it must have been Constantine.

The best French authority I can get places their losses on the 18th at 5,200 men. Since Pelissier came into command they have lost in killed and wounded upwards of 10,000 men, and they have confessed to me that they begin to 'se lasser de telle charcuterie'; they are also overworked, and their haggard faces are beginning to show it. Wonderful as is the strength of Sebastopol, our means of attack are more extraordinary still, and all the sieges of the

world fade into insignificance compared with this one. The real strength of Sebastopol, and the secret of its extraordinary resistance, is that it is an intrenchment in front of an apparently inexhaustible arsenal, defended by an army instead of a garrison, with its communications open to the rear and an unfailing supply of admirable troops.

I am sorry to send such a hasty scrawl, but I must now conclude, or I shall be late for the post. I saw St. Clair, 57th, the other day; he was walking about in camp, but still has his head bandaged.

To Francis Russell.

Camp,
July 23.

I cannot find words to tell you how distressed I was to receive your letter dated July 1; I can think of nothing but of dear Jane's illness. I do hope you will let me hear of her as often as possible; never mind

how short your notes are, one line to say whether she is worse or better will do. I can sympathize with you in all your troubles, and I hope you will keep me fully informed of the state of my dear sister. I shall not now or in future attempt to write any words of consolation, as I know how useless I should feel them if sent to myself.

I received your letter by the last mail, but not in time to answer it then! Even before your letter arrived things wore a very gloomy aspect to me out here. The siege, as far as the English are concerned, is not conducted with the spirit and energy it ought to be. The organization of the working parties is what I complain of most. The suggestions of the working officers of engineers are not properly attended to, and they get disgusted and dispirited at finding their efforts frustrated. There has, however, been a little improvement within the last two or three days. The engineer officers of the right

attack are overworked, and the heat of the weather lately has told on them severely. Out of thirteen officers we have more than half on the sick-list, and this morning I believe I was the only officer in our little camp that was not ailing. There is nothing very dangerous in the illnesses; low fever and diarrhœa are the complaints, but we have had no very bad cases; I am in excellent health myself, having great power of enduring heat. Whenever I am not on duty I take long rides eastward; I have three good horses, and I give them all plenty to do. I have not yet been further than a couple of miles beyond a place marked in the maps as the 'Pass of Phoros.' Our outposts are at Baidar, but I attach myself to French cavalry reconnaissances and thus get into the country.

The Cossacks seem to have disappeared from these parts. The siege drags wearily on. The English are not advancing their

trenches, consequently our work has ceased to be so dangerous as it was. We are within 200 yards of the Redan, which is near enough for assaulting. The French are less than 100 yards from the Malakoff works, and still going forward.

I was surprised to hear what the Russians had lost in the last bombardment, it shows how terrific our fire must have been. The *Times*, which is generally wonderfully shrewd and correct in its articles about the campaign, has written great nonsense about the affair of the 18th. You may depend upon it that no man, French or English, has ever penetrated into either the Redan or Malakoff works except as a prisoner, although the French penetrated the outer line of defence and got actually behind the citadel of the Malakoff. As for General E——'s attempt being successful if it had been properly backed up, that is rank nonsense. He did nothing but rush into a suburb (where *I believe* he had

particular orders not to go), and then had to wait there till night to get his troops away. He never penetrated the first line of defence, and the Barrack battery was always a hundred feet above his head. All these remarks must be stale to you now, but I could not make them sooner.

You must have been much disappointed with my description of the affair of the 18th, which your last letter tells me you were waiting impatiently for. I shall look for your letters now with much more anxiety than you can for mine, the siege of Sebastopol being of slight consequence compared to Jane's health, and I hope that both John and yourself will write often. I am glad to hear that Anna is so well.

TO HIS BROTHER ARCHY.

Camp,
July 31.

I received your letter of July 11 together with several others from different quarters

bearing the same terrible tidings. What can I write on such a subject? It seems to me the greatest misfortune that could possibly have befallen me. I did not feel the first shock of it so strongly as I should have expected, probably because I am not of a temperament to have violent emotions of any kind; but whenever I think of it my grief returns as vividly as if I had only just heard it. I received Fanny's kind letter, and wrote a short answer by the last post. Tell her that the only comfort I have is that Anna and herself remain to me.

You will probably see in the papers my name in the list of wounded.* The wound

* The following note was written by him to Colonel Fitzmayer (now General Sir James, K.C.B.):

'I shall be glad if you will come over to see me any time to-day. I had a very narrow escape last night, having had the whole of the back of my jacket cut out by a large grape shot, which also slightly bruised and cut me. The doctor says I am to remain quiet, and keep wet lint on the place. We had a very bad night of it

is of no consequence whatever. I have been two days on the sick-list with it, and am almost certain to be at my duty again in a

altogether, having had between twenty and thirty killed and wounded.—Yours very truly, C. F. CAMPBELL.'

Sir James Fitzmayer adds in a letter to the editor:

'I found him in bed, but as cheery as if nothing had happened. He showed me his back, and from the neck downwards it was one huge bruise, and the flesh slightly cut.'

We used often to talk over the events of the siege, and I am confident that, had he been in a position to be consulted, the siege of Sebastopol would not have lasted so long as it did. Quiet, and with almost a female gentleness of manner at times, he expressed in outspoken forcible terms his indignation and contempt of those whom he considered at all culpable for the sufferings and misery of the soldiers. Of the patient endurance of the latter he was warm in his praise, and, above all, I never found him desponding, even in the darkest days, as to the ultimate result.

Of the French troops he had the highest opinion, scarcely less than of our own men, and the perseverance with which they pushed on their works, and the gallantry and skill with which many of them were made (especially their last at the Malakoff), were with him a constant theme of admiration and eulogy.—ED.

week. I certainly had a very narrow escape of my life. It happened on this wise: I was on duty in the trenches on the night of the 28th, and was looking after a party of the Guards who were working under me on the right of the fifth parallel. There was a very heavy fire, principally of mortar shells, kept on us, and up to the time I was wounded there were about eight or nine men hurt. It would never do if an engineer officer ducked every time he saw a flash, as he would be stooping all night, but after a certain apprenticeship one acquires the habit of stooping only when the gun bearing on the particular spot where you are standing is fired. (Lest anybody who has served at this siege should say this is absurd, I must tell you that it is, only the engineers who acquire this habit, as they are the only ones whose duty requires them to pass the greater part of the night in the open, outside the trenches.) It was fortunate for me that I ducked very low that

night on seeing a certain gun fired, for it was loaded with what is called 'clamp shot'—that is, nine two-pound grape shot screwed together between plates. One of the shot went along my back, cutting my jacket and shirt to pieces, and making a furrow between my right shoulder and the small of my back about six inches long and an inch and a half broad, but little more than skin deep. It was very painful, as all round the furrow the flesh was a good deal bruised. I am doing nothing except keeping wet lint on it all day and lying still, but as I cannot lie on my left side all day I get up at times to read or write, which I can do without inconvenience. As I was standing with my face towards the gun, if I had not stooped, the ball would probably have gone through my chest.

We are not doing very dangerous duty at present, and are not advancing the trenches at all; but for some reason the Russians

during the last week have taken to concentrating all their fire on the English right attack, and the consequence is we have been losing from thirty to forty men a night. I am at my wits' end to detect any plan in our present proceedings; as far as I can see we are doing little or nothing when there are the most splendid opportunities for erecting batteries and rifle-pits that we have ever had. The want of talent and energy in high quarters seems to me worse than ever, and I confess that I am now beginning to take a very gloomy view of the case. Oh, for one fortnight of poor Colonel Tylden! He was the greatest loss we ever had; he was shot through both legs on June 18, and, I regret to say, is now in great danger. I have still hopes in the French, who appear to be working hard. I do more than ever think the place *ought* to be taken, and that within three weeks or a month if any reasonable plan was only steadily followed up. Of

course the loss of life will be very great, but even now the Allies are losing in killed and wounded alone between four and five thousand a month. It is perhaps wrong to talk of these men as lost, as I have no doubt at least half of them are cured of their wounds within six weeks, without quitting the Crimea; but the list is a frightful one.

Send this letter to my friends, and first of all to Aunt Helen, who will be getting nervous if she sees my name in the paper. I hope I have sufficiently explained that my wound is a mere trifle—an 'ugly graze,' as the doctors call it.

To His Brother John.

Camp,
August 4.

I took my name off the sick-list last night, and have been suddenly warned to go to the trenches this morning, when I intended to have written letters. My wound is all right—that is to say, the cut is completely

healed—and it does not inconvenience me in any way except when touched. I suppose the new skin will not be perfect for another fortnight, as there is still a large scab over the place.

Indecision seems to be the order of the day, and the amount of time and labour we are wasting is disgraceful. Since June 18 we have only got two new guns and six new mortars into position in the right attack, although we might easily have got fifty, and the guns are waiting there all ready for batteries, the sites of which are actually not chosen yet.

To Francis Russell.

Camp,
August 15.

I have written to no one by the last two mails, and find, indeed, a great deal of difficulty in persuading myself to sit down and write by this one. I have lost all energy in writing since dear Jane's death,

besides which I feel loath to write at present, as my letter will contain nothing but grumbling and abuse of the authorities.

The general health of the army is good, and stores and provisions are abundant; but there is great discontent among the officers at the shameful want of vigour and energy shown by us since the 18th. I assure you it is perfectly disgraceful, and amongst the engineer officers there is but one opinion on the subject. A glance at any plan will show you that the real attack of the English is the right attack, and that in the left attack it is little or no use working, as we cannot advance on account of the nature of the ground, and are too far off to assist the French at the Malakoff. The Malakoff is the key of the position, and until that is taken nothing can be done.

It is scarcely credible that since June 18 (two months) we have only built batteries for seven new guns and nine new mortars,

and of these only eight are yet in position. We have not advanced our sap towards the Redan one single inch, and although we employ 1,200 men every twenty-four hours, the only trench work we have done is to reverse the two old Russian trenches leading to the quarries, which we now call our fourth and fifth parallels. Each working party consists of 400 men, and it is really quite difficult to find employment for them. We have to scatter them about the trenches drawing, filling shot holes, and other trivial jobs, putting on twice as many as are wanted in each place so as to fill up our morning reports. We dare not do anything useful without permission, which we very rarely get. There are the most beautiful situations for rifle-pits, which we are never allowed to make, and we appear to me, in fact, to be always like Mr. Micawber—waiting for something to turn up.

I was a little consoled yesterday by going

over the French right attack and seeing the vast amount of work they have done since the 18th. They have pushed up their sap within 45 yards of the Malakoff, being an advance of about 500 yards, and they have armed the Mamelon as heavily as it is possible to arm it, having in it between eighty and ninety *bouches à feu*, which means all kinds of ordnance. They have constructed a splendid battery against the shipping on the extreme right, close to the point on the east of Careening Bay. Although this battery only consists of three 68-pounders, it has cost them in making 300 men; but is now beautifully finished, and comparatively a safe place.

On their extreme left they have with great ingenuity run a trench round to the north side of Quarantine harbour, and there found a spot of ground where they are constructing another battery, which will play upon the shipping at a distance of only

1,700 yards; the fire of their batteries on the extreme right and left will cross each other, so that it will be almost an investment of the place. If we had worked half as hard as we might have done, and turned all our attention to assisting the French, I firmly believe that the place would fall at the next bombardment.

But I am tired of going on with this grumbling, and will end by saying that if the place does fall this month or next, the credit will be due entirely to the French.

My health continues excellent, and I suffer from the heat less than almost anyone I know; my wound is not quite healed yet, but does not incommode me at all, except sometimes that it pains when there is a very hot sun; I imagine that it will be completely healed in about ten days more.

Yesterday we had a very nice fellow killed in the right attack—Major Drummond, of the Scots Fusilier Guards. We are still

losing about thirty men a day; the French are not losing so many men as they were. I shall be very glad to hear about yourself and the children whenever you can find time to write. Colonel Garrett expects to be made a Major-General soon, which will make me senior Major. I still continue to be an engineer.

I forgot to say that the Russians have commenced making a bridge of boats across the harbour. We have here now an officer of the name of Montague, of the engineers, who was a prisoner in Sebastopol, and was exchanged the other day. He says the Russians were much disheartened by the taking of the Mamelon, and the successes in the sea of Azoff, but that they recovered their confidence after the 18th. He says the troops are all in good safe bomb-proof sheds in the Redan and Malakoff. The flower of the Russian army are in Sebastopol.

To his Brother Archy.

Camp,
August 17.

I presume the news which you have got by telegraph will raise a little the spirits of the people of England, who, I understand, are beginning to be a little down-hearted about the whole affair. I am sorry I can give you no account of yesterday's fight,* not having been an eyewitness of it. I was on duty in the batteries all day, and the affair was over by 8 o'clock in the morning. It was a most brilliant success, and can hardly be overrated. I am not sorry that the English had nothing to do with it. We are such a nation of braggarts that I think it does us good to be shown that other people can fight as well as ourselves. I went over the field of battle at daylight this morning. It was the same disgusting sight as I have

* The Battle of Tchernaya.

seen before. Heaps of dead men looking more like peasants than soldiers in their long brown dressing-gowns, wounded horses, broken arms, and all the sights of horror which, every time I see them, give me such an intense disgust for my trade. I saw rather over 1,000 dead Russians and about 250 or 300 wounded, although the French had been busy for twenty-four hours taking the latter away. The dead did not lie anywhere as thick as they did at Inkerman, the Mamelon, or after the sortie of the 22nd of March. A great friend of mine, Colonel Fitzmayer, of the artillery, and whom I consider one of the best soldiers in the army, gave me some account of the fight, part of which he witnessed. In his opinion there were at least 60,000 Russians under arms, about 7,000 or 8,000 of whom were cavalry. He considered the attack indifferently planned and very badly executed. The Russians came on with a line of skirmishers about two

miles long just before daylight, and although they had some warning of the attack I believe both French and Sardinians were rather taken by surprise. Fitzmayer considered that the great fault made was that the leading Russians were not properly supported; column after column ought to have been brought up to their support, and a passage forced by sheer numbers. Instead of this they were kept idly in the rear, and not more than 15,000 or 20,000 were engaged.

The Russian artillery, also, though it manœuvred beautifully, kept too far off. The chief point of attack was the bridge where the Mackenzie's farm-road crosses the Tchernaya. Here the French, who held the tête-de-pont, were either beaten out or retired, and the Russians came on in large numbers across the bridge on to a small flat leading to a ravine. Two French batteries here opened upon them and caused the chief

losses of the day. One battery of the French Imperial Guard it is said lost 63 horses, or one-third of their number, but nevertheless did not retire. One or two battalions of the Russians were utterly routed and fled in confusion across the plain, but the remainder retired in excellent order, admirably covered in their retreat by cavalry and artillery.

It is said that if the English cavalry, who were there, had been properly handled, numbers of guns and prisoners would have been taken; but I believe this to be all bosh, and that if they had tried it we should have had a second Balaclava affair. The losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners are said to be as follows: Russians, 5,000 men; French, 700; and Sardinians, 170. I should think these figures are not very far from the truth. Gortschakoff is said to have commanded in person, and one of the Grand Dukes to have been present. It was a pretty strong line of defence they had to attack, as they had first to cross the Tchernaya, then the aqueduct,

and then had to ascend a hill which had an excellent slope for the fire of artillery. There was nothing, however, which determined troops in such numbers ought not to have overcome. They carried little bridges for crossing the aqueduct, about fourteen feet in length, all of which were captured; they also had gabions for the purpose of entrenching themselves on the hill.

I was much disgusted with the conduct of the Russians whilst I was there, in firing from the cliffs on the other side of the valley amongst the parties collecting the wounded. They fired with large guns at a high elevation, but luckily did us no harm. If I had been the French General in command I should have sent in a flag of truce, and told the Russian that if he fired another shot I would leave his wounded men to die in the grass.

I was much struck with the great kindness and gentleness of the French towards the wounded Russians; if they had been women they could not have behaved more tenderly,

talking to them all the time in their ridiculous way, as if the poor wretches understood all they said. 'Tiens, mon ami, tu es diablement laid, mais ça ne fait rien, prends un peu d'eau-de-vie,' were the sort of expressions you heard.

Fitzmayer told me it was perfectly wonderful to hear the remarks of the French soldiers who were not engaged during the progress of the fight; they criticised every movement of the Russians with as much coolness and talent as if they had been generals instead of being privates.

We opened fire this morning, why, I am at a loss to imagine, as we were not half prepared, and were not assisted by the French; the consequence was that we got considerably the worst of it. I believe that we are going on for three days longer. It is said to be for the purpose of helping the French and enabling them to continue their work; but how firing at the Redan does that I am at a loss to see. Whatever may be the upshot of

the siege I shall always consider our (the English) indecision and want of energy during the last two months as a disgrace and a scandal; we might with ease have got fifty new guns into position, and we have not got ten. What we want for both armies are Commanders-in-Chief who will make themselves masters of the siege, being constantly in the trenches, and holding their commanders of engineers and artillery responsible that everything in their departments is properly conducted. The Duke of Wellington often wrote his orders in the advanced trench.

I do believe that if we were to concentrate all our enormous resources against the Malakoff, and sap and mine and breach, although we lost 200 men a day, that in a very short time we should have the key of the position, and everything else would follow in succession. As long as we keep fighting a duel of artillery with batteries eight miles in length I do not think we shall ever do any good.

I am glad to see that the *Times* is making

a stir about ——'s good-service pension and promotion. Some of the promotions and appointments give dissatisfaction here, as might be expected, but on the whole they were pretty fair, except in that monstrous case. I have no hesitation in saying that he is one of the worst officers and least deserving men in this or any other army; he is hated and despised by both his men and officers.

As for the C.B.-ships that have been showered upon the army in such profusion, I have lost all regard for them, and look upon them as mere ex-officio honours, which, if a man chances to be in a certain place at a certain time he can no more help getting than he can help catching typhus fever, plague, or any other complaint.

I heard a good deal of difference of opinion relative to the Russian troops, most people thinking them a very inferior description. I am not, however, of this opinion; they were mostly middle-aged, middle-sized, sun-

burnt and hard worked, but not actually unhealthy looking; they were inferior to the troops one sees during a flag of truce before Sebastopol, but these are the flower of the Russian army. They mostly belonged to the 2nd Division of the 6th Corps d'Armée, and had just arrived from Moscow; their clothes were very bad indeed, but their arms and ammunition were in good order. When a man is wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, he does not appear to advantage, and I think this was what made so many people pronounce them to be miserable-looking wretches.

The impression grows stronger every day that if we do not take the place we shall not attempt to carry on the siege during winter, but merely build casemated redoubts and hold what we have got. This would be the reasonable mode of proceeding. I still, however, think that we shall take the south side this year, but the credit will be due entirely

to the French, who are working splendidly, whilst we are doing little or nothing.

Have you observed a great falling off in the *Times* correspondent's letters lately? They are not written by Russell, who has been away sick, but returned a few days ago. My wound is not yet healed up, but gives me no inconvenience. Here is a sketch of the position of it.* I was stooping down in the position of giving a back at leapfrog, which accounts for its traversing my back in that direction. The Russians throw up round shot now every day right among our tents, but as yet have only killed two men. The distance is between 4,000 and 5,000 yards. I have nothing more to tell you at present.

TO HIS BROTHER ARCHY.

Camp,
August 25.

I find the greatest difficulty in overcoming my aversion to letter-writing, and can only

* Sketch lost

just manage to sit down and write you a short note; I have very little to tell you about affairs out here. We are waiting impatiently for the final struggle, which I think must take place this month. In the meantime the Russian army which was beaten at the Tchernaya the other day is still hovering about, and keeping us continually on the alert. Their chance of overwhelming us is a small one, as I believe the position of the Allies to be stronger than Sebastopol. I do not mean the line of the Tchernaya, but our old winter line of defence, which we still keep up, and which we could easily retire on.

The English have roused a little from their lethargy, and after wasting two months doing little or nothing, we have commenced sapping up to the Redan and making new batteries. We only commenced about three days ago, and have already got forward about forty yards. It costs us about a man a yard. The fire on the right attack is now very

heavy, and we almost always have about thirty men wounded during the night and sometimes as many as sixty. The French are working very hard. They have two saps, one going up to the Malakoff and the other to what is called the Little Redan, and are connecting them by parallels about 400 yards in length. The Little Redan is the next battery to the Malakoff, between it and Careening Bay. The French saps are within about fifty yards of the two batteries, and they are still going forward; they lose about 100 men a night. The French batteries are quite ready.

It is generally supposed that the French will concentrate all their efforts on the Malakoff, but I should not be surprised to see them attack on the left as well. However, the Malakoff is the main point, and if they are beaten this time I see nothing for it but to sit down and wait till next spring, when we must try investment. In the meantime what

may not happen? If Austria goes against us, or Louis Napoleon dies, or a plague breaks out in the army, what a mess we shall be in! I have no doubt we shall not under any circumstances keep open trenches this winter. I do not see those signs of preparation for winter that I should like to see. There is no doubt that we are in a critical position; another month will clear up affairs immensely. I am more than ever convinced that concentration of fire with horizontal shells is the way to take the place, but we (the English at least) do not seem to be making any efforts in that direction. I look upon it as quite disgraceful that we have not got up at least fifty guns since June 18 to aid the French against the Malakoff.

I was much struck with Mr. Gladstone's speech, and agree with him that I should like to know the exact terms we are fighting for. My wound is not quite healed up, and has to be dressed every day; it gives me no incon-

venience. Colonel Browne, of the engineers, director of the right attack, was shot through the shoulder-blade last night. He is a great loss, and it is to his return from sick-leave last week that I attribute our renewed energy. Frank DuCane has not yet done duty in the trenches, and will not, I think, last long if he begins, unless he should chance to go to the left attack, where there is nothing to do.

To his Brother Archy.

Camp,
September 1.

I have received your letter of August 16, and am glad to find that you have recovered from your indisposition, which appeared by Fanny's letter to be rather serious. I have nothing new to describe to you, and but little to tell you except my opinions as to how we are going on. For the last week we (the English) have been showing a little more energy, but we are not even yet showing

anything like what we ought, considering the enormous amount of resources at our command, nor can I see any chance of a decided change in our mode of attack, which I think there ought to be.

The next bombardment (I cannot say when it will commence, but there is no reason why it should not be next week) will be perfectly terrific, and I think the Allies will not have less than a thousand *bouches à feu*, not including the shipping. But the fire of these pieces extends over some twelve miles of ground, and I feel convinced that if only one half of them were concentrated on the Malakoff that work would cease to exist, and would be thrown like handfuls of snuff into the air. The vertical fire could be made to fall into it with such a steady rain that no body of men could exist in it; every platform would be destroyed and every gun dismounted, whilst a horizontal fire of eight and ten inch shells would lay the parapet as flat

as the walls of Jericho. The Malakoff does not mount more than (at the outside) fifty guns, the fire of which must be divergent, whilst our concentrated fire would be perfectly irresistible.

People talk a good deal of nonsense about earthworks in England. I feel convinced that the concentrated fire of twenty ten-inch shell guns at 500 yards distance would in forty-eight hours lay flat the butt at Woolwich, or the largest railway embankment in the kingdom. These shells when fired with long fuses bury themselves about ten feet deep in the earth, and act like little mines, throwing the earth many feet into the air. As for repairing at night, it would be an impossibility. By the bright moon here you could carry on the bombardment by night almost as well as by day, and the French parallel is so close to the Malakoff that they could hit a man on the ramparts with small shot. At a rough guess, I should say that

if our bombardment were commenced next week we should have 150 guns bearing on the Malakoff, enough, I think, to command success, but still not enough to make it a certainty.

I hope we shall not be so foolish as to attempt another assault on the Redan, but I suspect we shall make a sham attack at all events. We have commenced two new trenches—one a zigzag running towards the angle of the Redan, the other a straight sap running down a ravine between the Malakoff and Redan, and only meant to end in a rifle pit. Last night the Russians attacked the latter trench; they were not in force, and I am sorry to say that our men behaved exceedingly badly, and although superior in numbers they fairly bolted, trampling over the assistant engineer who tried to rally them. The Russians advanced and destroyed two nights' work, besides capturing some arms and tools. Only one Russian was killed.

The despatch which goes home by this mail will probably make out that it was a gallant affair on our part. Something much of the same sort happened in the left attack about a month ago, when the Russians attempted to carry away our chevaux de frise in the Worronzoff road. I recommend you to put no faith in despatches, except perhaps the Russian ones, which as far as I can see are tolerably fair.

I was in the trenches the other night when the French magazine (about eight tons of powder) blew up in the Mamelon; it was a most terrific sight, and positively shook the earth. I was standing about 600 yards from it at the time, but although so far off had several men killed and wounded alongside me. We lost in the right attack at least 25 men killed and wounded by the falling stones. The French lost about 450 men, killed and wounded, 200 of whom were voltigeurs of the guard. They have reported

to our headquarters that they had only 44 men killed and 120 wounded, which I know to be a lie. With all my admiration for the French, I am obliged to confess that they have scarcely any regard for the truth.

The greatest longing and impatience is felt here for the next bombardment, which everybody feels (if unsuccessful) will be a last effort for this year. I wonder it has not come off before now, as the waste of life at present is fearful. The English alone have nearly 1,000 a month wounded, and the French nearly four times that number. We only suffer in the right attack, the regiments in the left attack suffering very little. All the men, however, are overworked, but the health of the army is pretty good. The officers lately out from England knock up very fast, particularly the young ones, 'cheepers,' as we call them. Out of a batch of seven engineer officers who arrived

here in June, not one remains, three being killed and four gone home sick.

Wolseley of the 90th, assistant-engineer, who lives next tent to me, was wounded last night, not dangerously, but badly; I was woke up by hearing him carried home, and particularly by his loud denunciations of the cowards who deserted him. We had also an officer of the 97th killed in the right attack last night. I may say my back is now well, as I had it dressed, I believe, for the last time to-day. I believe Frank DuCane is going home, or to Corfu; he has never had any duty since he has been here, except looking after the Electric Telegraph. You would be surprised to see what arduous work the duty in the trenches is, and how many break down under it. The actual fatigue is no trifle, but I fancy the wear and tear of mind and the twenty-four hours' exposure to scorching suns and chilling dews is the most trying part of it. In

some of the regiments of the right attack, where there are more men in proportion than officers, the officers come on every alternate twenty-four hours, and one can hardly realize the hardships of this without trying it.

A short time ago the Russians used to fire round shot up into our camp all day long; they were fired at a high elevation, and fell almost vertically, and were extremely unpleasant. However, wonderful to relate, they only killed two men and two horses, and after keeping it up for about a week gave it up, to our great satisfaction.

I am sorry I cannot send you any sketches, I have never done any since I came here; any little trials I have made in my memorandum-book have so disgusted me that I have never gone any further. I will try and send you a little plan of Sebastopol and the trenches. I did one last week for a Colonel of artillery, which was rather admired,

although a great part of it was stolen from Stanford's map.

There is some talk of our getting three months' leave this winter; I hope it may be true. I am not quite sure, however, that I should go home; I would rather go to Constantinople or Athens and study Turkish or Greek. I think if I was half a sharp fellow I should get on the staff here, as I know all the swells in the army,—Simpson, Barnard, Packenham, Markham and Lord Rokeby; particularly the two first, whom I have known a long time. However, I cannot be bothered with it, or take the trouble to bring myself under their notice. It seems to me the best way to get on in this army is to abuse the French and talk bosh about the British bayonet carrying all before it, and so on. I take exactly the contrary course, and whenever I get into conversation with a bigwig, I praise the French and abuse the whole of our institu-

tions and operations in the strongest language I dare to use, the strength of which depends upon the rank of the listener; but I never mince my words for anyone under a Major-General, treating Brigadiers very cavalierly.

I shall send to John or yourself as soon as I have made up my mind what I want. I am, however, pretty well off for everything, having just received a box of clothes from Buckmaster, and eatables being tolerably plentiful at present.

To his Brother Archy.

Camp,

Sept. 10.

You are no doubt waiting with great eagerness for further details than the telegraph has been able to furnish of the destruction of Sebastopol. It was impossible for me to write on Saturday, as the mail went out long before I left the trenches. Although I did not accompany the storming party, I was in a position to see a good deal

of what was going on, and will give you a short account of it.

On Friday afternoon we were informed that a general assault would take place at 12 o'clock next day. My post was with a working party, who, as soon as the Union Jack was hoisted on the parapet of the Redan, were to go forward and make an entrenchment in the interior. My party of 200 men was posted in the quarries, and I myself went forward to the advanced trench to look out for the signal. It had been agreed previously that the French were to assault the Malakoff at 12 o'clock, and that we were not to go at the Redan until the French had gained *un succès sérieux*. At about ten minutes after 12 the French swarmed out of their trenches, headed as usual by the Zouaves, and as the head of their trench was only about fifteen yards from the work, they were into it in an instant, and in five minutes the tricolour was

floating over the centre of it. My attention was then taken off the Malakoff, as the men in the advanced trench (the 97th and the 90th) were sent forward at the Redan. Nothing could exceed the manner in which they went out, and in spite of the showers of grape and canister they pushed steadily on over about 200 yards of ground, planted the ladders, and scaled the parapet. In the Redan there were not more than 200 Russians ready to receive them, and even these were seized with a panic. Nevertheless, the mass of our men, instead of going boldly into the Redan, remained clinging to the outside of the parapet and shooting over at the Russians, who ensconced themselves in shell-holes and behind a small entrenchment. Brigadier-General Wyndham, with about 100 men, entered the Redan, and after remaining there about ten minutes under a pretty sharp fire had to retire on account of the Russian reinforcements arriving.

I cannot account for the behaviour of the men in not following their officers, and I do not know what version of the story may reach England; but the plain truth is, that from the time they reached the parapet they showed the most arrant cowardice. On mounting the parapet of the Redan, you see before you a large open space, and the sight of this appeared to paralyze the men.

Whether it is that the amount of trench work we have had spoils them for fighting in the open, I cannot say; but I am more inclined to think that the class of soldier we have now is entirely inferior to what we had when we commenced the war. The feeling in camp is so strong on this subject that I have no doubt the truth will reach England. No one can deny the fact that, in spite of all the exertions of the officers, the men clung to the outside of the salient angle in hundreds, declining to go in, although they

were swept down by the flanking fire in scores. The officers, as usual, behaved as well as possible; I saw many of them—mere boys just from school, who had not been a month in the Crimea—standing on the parapet, and endeavouring to get their men on in the most gallant manner. This sort of thing lasted for about an hour, when the Russians at length mounted on the parapet, and, with bayonets, muskets, and even stones, beat our men down into the ditch, and they had to fly back into the advanced trench. My party were not obliged to go out of the trench at all, and I myself only went as far as the abattis, where the smoke was so thick that I could not see whether the signal was flying or not. I went up to within about thirty yards of the Redan, and seeing the state of affairs, and that there was not much chance of the signal flying, I went back again; at that time there was not much fire over the

ground I crossed. We lost a great many more men retreating from the Redan than going up to it. Our loss is very great—not less than 100 officers and 2,500 men killed and wounded.

I dare say all sorts of complaints will reach England as to mismanagement in the arrangements. Do not believe them. As far as I could see, everything went on excellently, prior to the assault. ... Of course it is impossible to assemble that number of men in narrow trenches without a hitch here and there, but nothing of any consequence occurred. You know that I am not given to praise general officers, but I must say that the arrangements of General Codrington (who commanded) were most excellent, and that the coolness and gallantry of Brigadier-General Wyndham could not be surpassed. I was so glad to see him come back safe from the trench that I rushed up to shake hands with him, and ask him for some

account of the proceedings. He put his hand on my shoulder and said:

'My dear Campbell, look here, this is the greatest disgrace that has ever fallen on the British soldier. I could have forgiven them if they had been beaten out, but they would not go in. These may be the last words I shall ever say to you, but I declare they are true. The men would not follow the officers; all the dash seems to have gone out of them.'

These were as near as possible the words he used, and I shall be anxious to see how his report is worded. If he praises the gallantry of the men I shall lose the last shred of faith in public documents. After our men had fairly retreated from the Redan, I turned my attention to the Malakoff. Here the French had a great advantage, for when once the Malakoff was taken it formed a citadel for them, being an oval work with a ditch all round, and as difficult

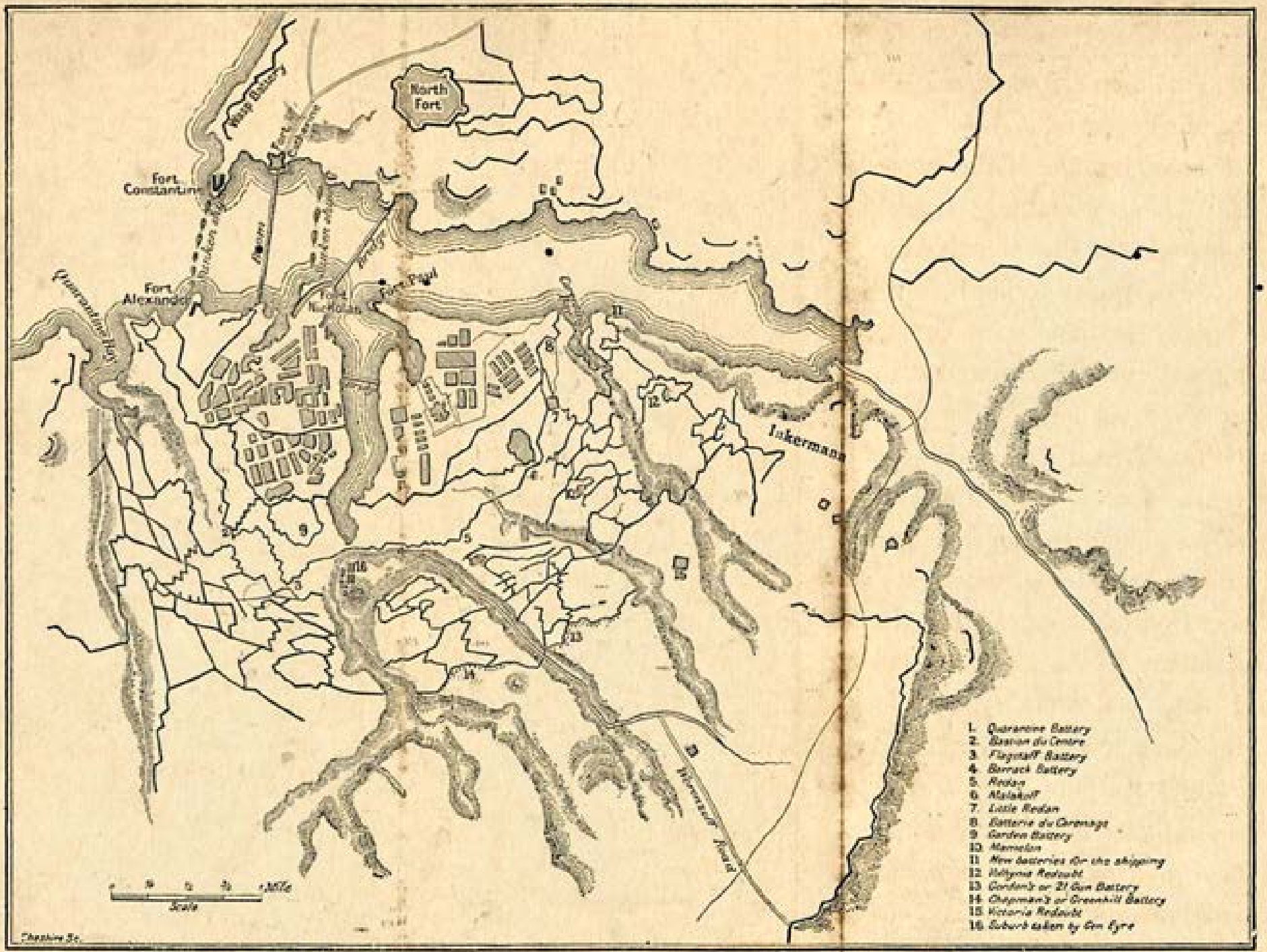
of access from the Sebastopol side as from any other. When I looked at it about 2 o'clock, the Russians were attacking it in great force, but not on the side next us, as the fire of the guns from our batteries at the quarries prevented them from assaulting on that side. As far as I can learn, the French took the Little Redan, and the curtain between that and the Malakoff, with but little loss; but when the Russians attacked them again in force, were obliged to retire. It was here that the most desperate struggle took place, and I counted upwards of 1,100 Frenchmen lying dead. I gave up all attempt at counting the Russians. Round and about the Malakoff and Little Redan, and in the space between those works, the French must have had 5,000 men killed and wounded, and the Russians at least 10,000. What the French have lost on the left I cannot say, but I am told their loss there is even greater than at the Malakoff. They

attacked the centre bastion, and after taking it were beaten out. The loss of the Allies in killed and wounded cannot be much under 15,000 men, and that of the Russians at least 25,000. I do not think the English could have held the Redan (except with a loss of 7,000 or 8,000 men) even if they had taken it, as the work is very indefensible towards the rear.

Sir Colin Campbell, with the Highland Brigade, had orders to assault the Redan again at daylight on Sunday morning, and it was only about 2 o'clock that it was found the Russians had evacuated and were setting fire to the town. It would have been useless to have tried to pursue at night through a burning town. By 6 o'clock in the morning the last man had crossed the floating bridge, and they then broke it behind them. I have since ridden through the town, and the whole Russian works, with the exception of the part nearest Quarantine Bay. The town,

docks, and barracks are magnificent, and worthy of the defence they made, which I believe must be one of the most heroic on record. There is nothing particularly new or ingenious in the construction of their works, and their strength, as I always thought, lay in their open communications, the arsenal at their backs, and the determination of their soldiers. The strongest part of their works that I saw was the Flagstaff battery; it had a ditch thirty feet broad, swept by a caponnière armed with carronades, and the escarp was revetted with oak palisades fourteen feet high. Besides this it had mines and a listening gallery under it. I send you a little map I had drawn for you about a week ago; it is on a very small scale, and not very correct, but will aid you in understanding my account.

I have had more narrow escapes since I last wrote to you than I have had for the last ten months, having been engaged in a



SEBASTOPOL.

From a drawing by Colonel Campbell.

To face page 322.

little night skirmish almost hand to hand with the Russians, in which we lost 1 officer and 5 men, and having been twice very slightly wounded, once by a piece of shell (or stone thrown up by it) in the forehead, and once by a spent ball striking me on the breast. As I was not obliged to go into the hands of the doctor, and hate making the most of every scratch, I did not return myself as wounded; I also got a very slight blow from a grape-shot on Saturday. As far as I could see in my rides through the town and works the Russians were in want of nothing except 13-inch mortar shells. There was plenty of every other kind of ammunition, and of food. The French have already stripped the place of nearly everything; they plunder in a most scientific manner. The question in everybody's mouth is, 'What is to be done next?' I should like to see how those that used to talk so glibly about taking the field are going to do so

even now that the army of the siege is released from its work. I think that we ought to destroy the north side before winter; but it will be no easy work, and we are even now wasting valuable time. This army is sick of campaigning, and would rather leave the Crimea than do anything else; but if there is any generalship left, we ought to take the north side before the end of October. I believe the opinion at headquarters is that we shall be attacked in force on the Tchernaya, which to me seems ridiculous. Why should a beaten army, with nothing to gain, attack a victorious one in a strong position? I really must close my letter, which is much shorter than it ought to have been under the circumstances.

To Mrs. Giffard.

Camp,
Sept. 22.

Many thanks to you for your kind letter, which I ought to have answered last mail.

It is, indeed, a great comfort to me to think that there are still a few left who have some affection for me; if it were not for that I do not think I should ever care about returning to England. There is no one, my dear Anna, who can so well supply the place of my lost sister as you, who have been her dearest friend, and I hope and trust that we may have many opportunities, after this horrid war is over, of cultivating and reviving our intimacy and affection. Great as my loss has been, I have no right to compare it to yours; how thankful I am that you have been able to preserve your health through your trials.

I suppose all in England are in a great state of excitement about the fall of Sebastopol. To us out here it is the greatest relief you can imagine. Our sensations are more like those of a person enjoying a quiet Sunday in the country after a week of dissipation, than anything else I can think of. The

incessant boom of the guns, the constant passing of wounded men, and the daily question as to which of your friends or acquaintances had been killed the night before, had become almost intolerable. Can you fancy a greater strain on the mind than passing three nights in the week within a hundred yards of the enemy, never knowing at what moment you are to be attacked, and always ready to exchange the spade for the firelock? I will not attempt to describe to you the scenes that I witnessed after we entered the town. I do not believe that history tells of anything more dreadful than the state of the Russian hospitals. The slaughter about the batteries, particularly opposite the French, was terrific, and nothing is more painful in scenes of that sort than the utter helplessness of the looker-on. What can one man with a flask of sherry do among 10,000 wounded men, mostly speaking an unknown tongue? I passed men lying terribly

wounded, and twenty-four hours afterwards passed them again, and found them in the same spot still alive, nothing having been done to them. No blame is to be attributed to anyone for this, as it is impossible to relieve all when there are such numbers. Generally speaking, the wounded Russians bore their wounds with the greatest patience, and were gentle and grateful for anything that was done for them; there were a few who looked as if they would like to shoot even those who assisted them, but they were the exceptions.

I am still attached to the engineer department, and am engaged in the survey of the whole of the ground within twenty miles. I intend, however, to give it up immediately, and return to my regiment. I have good reason to be thankful for escaping as I have done through this siege. I belonged to a small mess of engineers and assistant engineers; from first to last we were

twelve in number. Of these 7 were killed, 1 went home sick, 2 went away severely wounded, and the remaining 2 (Captain de Moleyns and myself) were slightly wounded. They tell me I am to get my lieutenant-colonelcy, and I think it not improbable. It will not be a great advantage here, merely the barren honour of calling myself so; but nevertheless, I may consider myself fortunate if I get it. I got a letter from F. Russell, who told me he was going to Weybridge; I must answer it soon. I can tell you nothing of our future movements.

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

Camp,
Oct. 9,

When I think how little I have written lately, when all news from these parts must be so eagerly looked for, I feel quite ashamed of myself. I fear I am every week becoming a worse correspondent, and have more difficulty in inducing myself to write a letter. I

received your letter of September 15, and shall now direct to you at Marylebone Street.

You may have seen in the general orders from this place that I have resigned my post as engineer. I did this because General Jones wanted me to promise that, if the 4th Division took the field, I should remain behind at whatever he wanted me to do; this did not suit me at all, so I quitted that department. General Jones told me that he had recommended me for a lieutenant-colonelcy, and that he thought I was sure to get it. It will be an advantage, but not so great a one as you probably fancy. I am told, however, that the authorities at home think they have been a great deal too lavish with brevets (which they certainly have been), and are anxious to increase the number as little as possible.

Since I gave up the engineering business I have had a great deal more time on my

hands, and have taken many long rides across the country. I shall therefore hope to be able to give you some idea of the Russian position, which you say you are most anxious to hear about.

By the tone of the last English papers I have seen, it appears that the only difficulty the editors have is to choose the exact spot on which Gortschakoff and 50,000 men are to lay down their arms. I fear the disappointment will be great in England when they hear that there is little or no prospect of our even harassing the Russians in their retreat.

If you will get Arrowsmith's map of the southern portion of the Crimea (which is the best I have seen), you will see 'Chamli Ozenbash' and 'Foti Sala' marked on it. Between these two points lies the French division, 15,000 strong, which is trying to feel its way round the flank of the Russians in the direction of Batchi Sarai.

Yesterday I rode to a place called 'Adim Chokrak,' and, after a long survey, made up my mind that nothing could be done in that quarter. From the ruins of Inkerman to Aitodor there runs a range of perfectly impracticable cliffs, then comes a deep defile, and then the singular-looking rock called Mangup Kale. From thence northward runs, as far as the eye can reach, a chain of cliffs, with narrow passes and defiles, and the country about is so rough and roadless that neither artillery nor cavalry could be used properly.

Wherever there is any chance of getting through the line, the Russians have entrenched themselves, and placed field-artillery in position. Even now the French find great difficulty in feeding their men, as their supplies are all obliged to be brought through the valley of Baidar, a distance of forty miles from Kamiesch.

There has been a good deal of discontent

in the army, that we have not followed up the late success by an attack on the Russian army; but I have never yet heard any plan to which there were not grave objections. How a man who occupied the position Sir George Brown did out here could go home and talk such bosh as he did the other day at Elgin is incomprehensible. He seems to think crossing the Tchernaya and walking up the Mackenzie heights as easy as going up Hyde Park.

The most feasible plan I have heard is to land at Zanruk, and take an army up the Bulganak river; it is only by keeping the course of the rivers that it is possible to cross the steppe. I do not, however, think that it was possible to have done this after September 8, as it would not do to march on Simpheropol with less than fifty or sixty thousand men, and to land that number with their stores and land transport is a tolerably gigantic operation.

An expedition I should like to have seen undertaken would have been to have sent gun-boats and 2,000 men to Arabat, and to have landed 10,000 more at Kaffa. These forces could easily have taken the two places and held them all the winter, and with these in our possession, the whole peninsula of Kertch would be ours; it is the best part of the Crimea, and would furnish us with considerable supplies. I do not mean to say this would have much effect in future operations, but it would be better than doing nothing.

There is still some talk in the army of taking the field, but I do not think it probable, as we cannot depend on more than twenty days more fine weather. We are completely in ignorance here as to the movements of the mass of the Russian army, but I should think it most probable that they are retreating, and I hardly think they will attempt to hold the Crimea next year. If

they abandon the plateau above the Mackenzie heights, or leave it weakly defended, I imagine we shall occupy it even in the winter; a few regiments of light cavalry are, I believe, to embark for Eupatoria to-day.

I see the *Times* does not approve of General Simpson's despatch. I do, and am glad he did not try to make a great victory out of a discreditable reverse. I am glad also that he has not followed Lord Raglan's plan of praising everybody. General Wyndham deserves all that was said of him.

I think in my last letter I spoke highly of the arrangements of General Codrington. I must allow, however, that he did not bring up his supports quickly enough, and that bringing them up through the zig-zag trenches, instead of dashing across the open, was a great mistake. The French would certainly have lost the Mamelon on June 8, if Pelissier had not sent up his reserves across the open. I do not see that Pelissier

has yet proved himself a great general; he merely stuck up more cannon and sent more men at the breaches than his predecessor. However, he is the successful man, and, I suppose, will be the hero of history. Bosquet is the man of whom the French have the highest opinion; he has not much chance of being a marshal, as he and all his division voted 'No' at Louis Napoleon's election.

I still think that Sebastopol was taken by a 'fluke.' If the Russians had not made the great mistake of closing the gorge of the Malakoff, I think the French would have been beaten out of it, in the same way as they were out of the Little Redan. In my opinion, the three great mistakes we have made in the Crimea are these: 1st. In not seizing on the heights of Mount Sapoune, the Mamelon and the Garden battery, where we might have thrown up cover for ourselves, in spite of the fire of the shipping

(I do not include the Malakoff heights, because there was a round tower which might have prevented us, and which swept the Redan hill also). 2nd. In attempting to carry on the siege after the month of November. We ought to have built small redoubts, with deep ditches to them, and to have held our ground about the trenches till the spring. 3rd. In distributing our fire over ten miles of ground, instead of concentrating it on the keys of our position. I am convinced that with one-third of the amount of guns and mortars at our command we could have made the Malakoff an untenable ruin, and run our sap right into the centre of it.

I think these are the main errors that have been committed. I doubt very much whether the place could have been taken by assault when first we came. I think the fire of the shipping would have been too heavy for us, and would have driven us out of the town

even if we had got in. There is a good deal of discontent among the naval officers here that the fleet did not go in on the morning of the 9th, when the Russians were retreating; they think that two line-of-battle ships ought to have engaged Fort Constantine, whilst others laid their broadsides on the bridge of rafts. Johnson, of the *Megæra*, is one who holds this opinion.

I had rather an exciting ride the other day towards Alupka. We started five in number, with two servants and baggage horses, went through Baidar and the pass of Phoros, and slept in one of the many chateaux about seven miles beyond Phoros. We had spoken to the officer in command of the French picket at Phoros, and he warned us not to go beyond the next picket. We expected to find the picket on the road, and not finding it, thought it was still in front of us. About nightfall a Tartar passed, and bringing my small amount of Turkish to bear upon him,

I ascertained to my horror that there were no French and plenty of Cossacks in front of us. We called a council of war, and decided it was impossible to return and that we must stop there. We accordingly fortified ourselves in a most scientific manner, barricaded the windows, shaded the lights, and had the horses ready to escape by the back in case the enemy came. We stood sentry by turns all night; my turn was from 2 o'clock until 4 o'clock, and I was very glad when I saw daylight breaking without any signs of Cossacks. This was at a place marked on the maps as Tsarkia.

In the morning we rode on, pistol in hand, keeping a bright look-out for the enemy, but seeing none. Our left was well protected by impassable rocks, and our right by the sea, and as we were all mounted on fine English horses we knew we could laugh at the efforts of the Cossacks to catch us. At length we came to the place where the Cossack picket

had lately been, close to the village of Kutchukoi. The Tartars were much astonished to see us, and approached us with slices of bread and salt, which they held out much as a person tries to catch a loose horse with a feed of corn. They told us that no Cossacks had been there for several days, but that there were a great many at Alupka. We went on with them to Kikiness, which village we declined to enter, as it did not look a nice place to get away from if we found anyone there whose presence was distasteful to us. We then turned back and spent the whole day in visiting the deserted villas and chateaux between Kutchukoi and Phoros.

I blame the French extremely for the way in which they have allowed all these nice places to be sacked and pillaged. Everyone was allowed to go there and take and destroy whatever they pleased, and as it was too far away to bring things back, everything has been destroyed in the most wanton manner.

It is most short-sighted policy, as with a battalion of men and a battery of artillery that part of the coast might easily have been held, and the chateaux would have formed most admirable convalescent stations. The principal ones belong to Prince Demidoff and General Petroffsky. They are rather cockney-looking mansions, such as a man of three or four thousand a year might live in in England, but with baths, laundries, fish-ponds, cellars, and other luxuries fit for an establishment of ten thousand a year. The quantity of wine was quite extraordinary, all of which has been wasted.

I have not yet made up my mind what to write for, and I think it will end by my sending for little or nothing; however, there is one thing that I wish you would order for me as soon as possible, and that is a pig of the same description as the one you so kindly sent me last year. It lasted our little mess an immense time, and was the

best thing of the kind I have tasted out here. I must now conclude, as the mail is just going.

To R. B. Mansfield.

Camp,
Nov. 5.

I return you the receipt for your dear mother's legacy. If I ever return to England I shall lay out the amount in some slight memorial of one who was so kind an aunt to me. I am very glad to hear that Anna is in such good health; give her my kindest love. There are several people, yourself among the number, whom I am almost ashamed to write to, having neglected to do so for so long a time. My chance of getting leave this winter appears at present very slight, and indeed I am not particularly anxious for it. I hope you will carry out your intention of visiting the Crimea this winter or next spring; it is a great pity you are not here now, as I have plenty of leisure time on my hands and lots of horses for you to ride, and in two or three

months the trenches will be all filled in and much of the town dismantled. You will find no difficulty whatever in getting here, as you can obtain a passage in any of the steamers running from Constantinople to Balaclava, and when you once arrive here I will have everything ready for you, bed, food, horse, etc.

It is quite impossible to look forward with any certainty to our movements, as if the Russians evacuate the Crimea we may be sent to Odessa, Nicholaeff, Asia, or half a dozen other places, but if they attempt to hold the Crimea we shall probably take ship from this in March, and one of the bloodiest battles of modern times will be fought between Simpheropol and the sea-coast. We hope to be very comfortable here this winter. In conjunction with Wombwell I have built a very fine mansion, with three rooms all floored with planks, and with glass windows. We have not yet moved into it, as we have not been successful in getting an old sail to

put over it, so as to make it completely water-tight. The weather is very different now to what it was this time last year, and we have not had a drop of rain for nearly a month. The nights, however, are very cold, and I find your buffalo robe exceedingly useful. Your two presents of the buffalo robe and the telescope have been invaluable to me, and are certainly the two most useful things I have got.

We were all greatly surprised that Sir William Codrington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army, but were equally delighted that it had not fallen on ——. Codrington is a man of considerable activity and energy, and very much liked by all who know him. I should think his principal fault would be his being too good-natured; I think with Windham as his right-hand man he ought to get on very well; I think he is the most likely man in the army to get on well with the French. We think here that

the papers will make a great noise about his appointment, and that the *Times* will be especially furious. We are to get General Garrett back very soon to command the 4th Division; I hope to see his rank confirmed; at present he is only a local Major-General, and I think he is quite one of the best Generals of Division out here. I told John in one of my letters that I had some intention of going to Kertch this winter to have a look at the Turkish Contingent; this is very uncertain, and I certainly shall not attempt to go there unless I get my brevet lieutenant-colonelcy. The 'Bono Johnnies' have rather risen in favour since the defence of Kars. I have had a letter from John and one from Penrose, both of which I hope to answer by next mail. "Tell John I am sorry to say that I have not recevied 'Maud.' Write to me as soon as you have made up your mind about coming out, and I will send you the best advice I can by return of post.

To Francis Russell.

Camp,
Nov. 6,

I do not think I have ever been so indolent in the matter of letter-writing since I landed in the Crimea as I have during the last month. I am now so hopelessly in debt to my correspondents that I despair of paying them, and they must be content with a dividend.

I received your long letter from Leamington, and I quite agree with you when you say that such failures as ours at the Redan ought not to be too much dwelt upon. I know that these sort of affairs have happened before in our history, and I suspect have happened a great deal oftener than is known to us. I see by the newspapers that the people of England are quite puzzled what to make of the matter, and no wonder, when the reports are so contradictory. I think no one could have had a better opportunity of seeing

the whole affair than I had, as my duty was to watch the progress of the fight, and to bring up the working party as soon as the signal of success was given.

I think General Simpson has been very unfairly treated for his conduct on that day. It is not true that he sat huddled up in his cloak during the time the assault was going on, but I dare say he did do his best to get shelter after the failure, as it was one of the most unpleasant days I ever was out in, a cold raw wind blowing with clouds of dust. No general on earth could have organized a second assault before nightfall, and to have gone out a second time before the tremendous flanking fire of the Redan would have been madness. He is also much blamed for employing the light and 2nd Divisions instead of the 3rd and 4th. However, I still think that the knowledge which the two former possessed of the trenches more than counterbalanced any slight superi-

ority which the others might have possessed in the quality of their men. The 3rd and 4th Divisions would have been twice as difficult to manage. The Highland Brigade are the men who I think ought to have led the assault, as they knew the trenches tolerably well, and are certainly the best troops we have at present.

I cannot help thinking what a chance it is that the public have hit upon the right man in praising General Windham. I have come to the conclusion that Windham is really the best man we have out here for Commander-in-Chief; he is an ambitious man of untiring energy and most original ideas. He is a very well-read man, and has great powers of undergoing fatigue. His chief fault is that he is such a terrible talker. Whatever he says is worth listening to, but he is very incautious both in what he says and whom he says it to; he was one of the few men who spoke his mind during the sufferings of last

winter, and one of the most striking letters that appeared in the *Times* at that time was written by him. The consequence was that Lord Raglan's staff hated the sight of him. He has a very high opinion of General Garrett, whom he thinks one of the best soldiers in this army.

I was very sorry to hear of Sir Colin Campbell's departure (which took place yesterday), as I am convinced that he is almost the best Division General we have got. I presume that he is sent away to make room for Sir William Eyre, who, it is generally supposed, will be Commander-in-Chief.

On the whole we have a very good lot of Generals of Division at present, all of them men of considerable brains. Our brigadiers are rather an indifferent lot; except Spencer, Van Straubenzee, and Lysons, I know of none with any reputation. General Windham has been recommending me to go into the Turkish Contingent, if I get my rank of

lieutenant-colonel, which he seems to think probable. I do not think I shall take his advice, as from all I can learn about that body I think it will be a failure. My present intention is to endeavour to get leave to go to Kertch this winter and attach myself to one of the regiments of the contingent there, and judge for myself whether I am likely to like it.

We are in a great state of uncertainty at present as to whether we are likely to go to Kaffa. I hope we shall go there, although it is so late in the season. The possession of the peninsula of Kertch would have but little effect on next year's campaign, but would furnish us with a large amount of supplies for the winter, and would also furnish us with a pleasanter quarter than the dreary plateau we are on at present.

I still think that the Russians will abandon the Crimea, or at least that they will leave a rear-guard of some 30,000 or 40,000 men

only in it. I cannot think that the Crimea is sufficiently valuable to them to justify the enormous sacrifice they would require to make to enable them to keep it. They would require to keep at least 200,000 men in the country, who would be fighting with a desert in their rear, and if once beaten would probably be annihilated. I do not think that we can attempt any movement into the interior except from the north side of Sebastopol, and that it is probable next year that 100,000 men will have to be moved up the Alma and the Katcha towards Simpheropol. I believe that the want of water in the direct line between Eupatoria and Simpheropol is an almost insuperable difficulty. If we can afford a sufficient quantity of men it would be highly advantageous to us to keep 30,000 or 40,000 men in the valley of the upper Belbeck while the main army was operating in the north, as their presence there would greatly incommode the Russians.

You must have enjoyed your visit to Kingsley very much; he appeared to me one of the most interesting men I ever met. I have been trying to get *Fraser's Magazine* with his review of 'Maud,' but have not yet succeeded. I have read 'Maud,' and like it exceedingly, with the exception of two or three passages, such as his anathema of 'the British vermin the rat,' his insane little song after he is accepted, and one or two others. I do not approve of his portraiture of the 'Assyrian Bull' or the babe-faced Lord, neither of whom, in my opinion, are at all types of the young swell of the present day. As for the term 'Assyrian Bull,' it is ridiculous, and although it only occurs once, I think it does more to spoil the book than anything else in it.

I have made great preparations for the winter, having built a magnificent stone mansion 24 feet by 18 feet!!! with a cookhouse and stabling for four horses. The weather

is at present delightful, like September in the South of England. I have nothing of interest to tell you about the Kinburn expedition; you will read all about it in Russell's letter.

I believe the French and English authorities did not get on very well together. I wish we could act separately from them always. They are a very troublesome people to get on with. I intended to have written you a longer letter, but the sergeant is waiting, and I must conclude. I intended to have written to John for stores for the winter, but I must wait till the Kaffa expedition is decided or otherwise.

To his Brother John.

Camp,
Nov. 16.

[After ordering some groceries, etc.]

Tell Lilla that I cannot look a dromedary in the face, as they reproach me so for not attempting to draw them. My only excuse

to them is that I am so bad a draughtsman I cannot do them justice. I am sorry that at the present moment I cannot get for her any Russian implement of destruction worth sending home, but I hope to be able to get something before the conclusion of the winter. After the capture of Sebastopol any amount of swords, rifles, etc., were to be had, but I never took the trouble to collect any of these trophies. I send her a medal taken from the body of a Russian soldier, which is the only thing of the sort I possess. It is the medal for the Hungarian Campaign. I have no doubt the wearer was a gallant fellow. He lay with about five-and-twenty others, who were cut to pieces by our round shot in one small battery to the left of the Redan on September 8.

Since writing the above the mail has arrived, and your letter was the first information I received of my promotion. The brevet has caused disappointment here, as

it was expected that it would be much more extensive. No favouritism whatever seems to have been shown; it is not given to those who have most distinguished themselves, but to those who had the good luck to be in a certain place at a certain time, and to the seniors of regiments; I was made solely from the strong recommendation of General Jones. I see the *Times* has an article stating that we did not sap up to the Redan, because we had not a sufficient number of sappers. I have not time or space to refute this bosh; it is enough to say that we did not begin to sap nearer the Redan until two months and a half after the 18th June failure, in spite of the earnest entreaties of the junior officers of engineers. I see the opinion in England now is that Gortschakoff is going to risk another campaign in the Crimea. I can scarcely believe it. The only reason I can see for his doing so is to prevent our army attacking

Nicholaeff. I am very sorry to tell you that 'Maud' has never reached me; I have, however, read it, and quite agree with you in your opinion of it. Have you read Seymour's 'Russia'? It is very good, and his description of the country about here is extraordinarily accurate.

To Lowes Dickenson.*

Camp,
Nov. —.

I have received your letter of October 28, and hasten to give you what information I can on the subject of it. I hope you will not consider my judgment as infallible, but take as many other opinions as you can get and be ruled by them. First, as to the time of year you are coming out; you intend to leave at Christmas and to remain here two

* Mr. L. Dickenson is the artist who has kindly contributed the likeness of Colonel Campbell which forms the frontispiece of this book.

months; your stay therefore would be probably from the middle of January to the middle of March. If the coming winter is anything like the last one, you would be able to do little or nothing out of doors during that time; warm days occur throughout the winter, but the climate cannot be depended on for three hours together; you would be very cold and miserable in a tent, and unable to do any drawing.

I have got along with another officer a splendid establishment built of stone with three rooms, and I should be only too happy to put you up during your stay here, that is to say if Robert Mansfield does not get here before you; but even if he does I could manage to house you close by, and we should all mess together. I assure you you would be conferring a great favour on us, if you could give us the pleasure of your society for the winter, and if you come to the Crimea I shall consider you as engaged to stop with

me; I should advise you not to bring a camera. This piece of advice I give with some hesitation, as I dare say it may have a considerable influence on your plans. My reasons for this advice are as follows: Firstly, a camera with all its appurtenances would immensely increase your baggage, and consequently your expenses when moving. I suppose it would require a cart (Mr. Fenton had a large van), and this would entail another servant. It is not easy to get draught-horses in this country, but still they are to be got for about £35. With your sketch-books only you would be quite independent, and able to follow the army anywhere. Secondly, the town of Sebastopol, which affords the best views for the camera, has been already photographed from every possible point of view, and I imagine that by this time many of the impressions are in London.

Since Mr. Fenton was here a man of the

name of Robertson, who has an establishment in Constantinople, has taken a great many views, superior, I think, to Fenton's. He went to Constantinople about a month ago to have them printed off, and promised to let me have £5 worth, but I have heard no more of them. He had the great advantage of being able to take the interior of the Malakoff, Redan, and other places, almost immediately after their capture.

I do not quite understand whether you wish to take portraits of officers, or sketches of the picturesque blackguards who abound about here. I am sure you would not meet with any hindrance from officers of regiments in sketching groups, uniforms, or horses; but I think you would find they have a decided objection to have their portraits taken unless they become their own property. There are here great numbers of Syrians, Turks, Greeks, Nubians, and Hindoos, most picturesque fellows, who would afford numberless subjects

for a painter; and a regiment of Algerian Zouaves alone would give occupation for many a day.

The time to see scenery here is in April, when the grass is green and the leaves are well out. I have never seen anything more beautiful than the valley of Baidar at that time. On the southern coast beyond the pass of Phoros the rocks are magnificent, finer than any coast scenery I ever saw; and I have seen the coast of Clare and the Giant's Causeway.

In the way of baggage I should have two stout leather or tarpaulin portmanteaus—*not too big*—with a pack-saddle and strap to fasten them on; a small bed, a patrol tent, and a canteen, fitting into a leather bucket, would complete your outfit. This could be easily carried on one pony. If you have no intention of following the army you might dispense with the canteen and patrol tent.

All the necessaries and most of the luxuries

of life can be bought out here now. Servants are difficult to get, and hard to keep after you have got them. I should think Marseilles is probably the best place to get a good French or Italian servant. He would expect £5 or £6 a month, and his food. I should certainly buy ponies here instead of Constantinople. It would be a good thing to bring up two or three sacks of barley or oats with you, if you came this winter. I think the mass of the army is sure to leave this, and probably by sea, early in March.

If two of you came out to photograph you could buy the necessary tents at Constantinople, but you would require to get the cart either at Malta or Marseilles. If, however, you come alone, with only your sketch-book, you will want neither tent, servants, nor horses, as I can find them all for you, and will be delighted to do so. If possible, get some authorization or recommendation from the

War Department, or the Horse Guards, not that it is necessary, but it is a great advantage, especially from the former. As I am pretty intimate with the headquarter staff, I can do a good deal for you in that way. The French and Sardinians are very troublesome to amateurs and civilians. I think I have answered all your questions as well as I can. If your chief object in coming here is to take portraits of officers, I think you would get as much as you could do, and as all the officers will be in comfortable huts you could draw at any time during the winter. If you have any more questions to ask write again, and I will answer by return of post.

There is little news to give from here. We are all much excited about a tremendous explosion which took place yesterday afternoon in the depôt of the French right attack siege train. It was a terrific thing to see. Thousands of shells, having been blown into the air, exploded in every direction. We are

quite in ignorance as yet of the numbers killed and wounded, but I have heard of three or four English officers being killed and hurt. It took place two miles from our camp, and no damage was done to us.

We were much astonished to find that the *Times* approved of Codrington's appointment, as it had abused him so much about the Redan failure. It would be difficult to name a better man from the generals out here; but he is not exactly made of 'le bois dont on fait les maréchaux.'

I should have liked much to have made one of your party at Fasnacloich. I do not expect to get any leave this winter, unless it may be to go for a short time to Kertch. At one time it was intended to have sent an expedition to Kaffa, but the idea was abandoned—why, I do not know.

Since writing the above the mail has come and informed me of my promotion. I have been very fortunate; I have got it entirely

through my connection with the engineer department; many who deserved it more than I did got nothing.

I had at one time some notion of getting command of a regiment in the Turkish Contingent, but have nearly given the idea up. I do not like the style of the officers of that corps; they are mostly men who have been tried and found wanting in other military departments.

I have given you above my ideas on a trip to the Crimea as impartially as I can. If I had consulted my own wishes I should have presented everything *couleur de rose*, to induce you to come.

P.S.—The English loss in the explosion is *said to be* 6 officers and 130 men killed and wounded, and the French double or treble that number; about one-third of the above are said to be killed.

To F. C. Penrose (now F.R.S.).

Camp,
Dec. 17, 1855.

Many thanks for your kind letter, which I ought to have answered long ago. I am becoming, I regret to say, an exceedingly bad correspondent, for what reason I cannot say, but I now find the greatest difficulty in inducing myself to sit down to write a letter, although when once I begin I can finish it easily enough.

At present there is nothing very interesting to write about here; after one has mentioned the state of the weather and the health of the troops one's budget of news is nearly exhausted. We are getting on pretty well at present, the men especially being in excellent health and spirits. I have no doubt that a great deal of grumbling reaches England about the want of huts, but this is unavoidable from the state of the Land

Transport Corps, which would cease to exist if it was worked any harder than it is at present. It is hardly possible to realize the difficulty of feeding and hutting so large an army as ours, where no portion of the stores is drawn from the country they are in. Even with the railway and our vast Land Transport Corps we are unable to do it as well as we could wish. Our men are certainly better provided for this winter than the French soldiers, and a much larger proportion of them are hutted.

I see that people in England are a good deal excited about the drunkenness in the English army. My opinion is that the *Times* correspondent's statements about it were a good deal exaggerated; there certainly was a great deal of drunkenness, but I have seen as much both in Canada and the West Indies; it was to be expected when the pay of the army was suddenly increased. It is a mistake to suppose that the English are the

only people who get drunk; the French soldiers are quite as bad as ours, the Zouaves being only surpassed by the Army Works Corps; I have never seen a drunken Sardinian.

We are all completely in the dark as to what the plans for next year are. The French officers tell me that the opinion in the French army is that the seat of war will be transferred from the Crimea to Asia, or the Danube. I think myself that it would have rather a bad effect among the Eastern populations if we were to leave the Crimea without destroying the north side of Sebastopol, otherwise we might spare ourselves the trouble, for it is certainly not worth the blood it will probably cost. Batteries could easily be built on the south-side that would destroy Fort Constantine and Fort Michael in forty-eight hours, and these are the only buildings of much consequence on the north side.

I think you would be surprised if you knew

what an intense wish for peace there is in the English army; with the exception of a few of the most fortunate, and some who have come out here since the fighting was over, the desire is universal; I suppose I may be considered as one of the fortunate ones, but I am, nevertheless, as anxious for peace as anyone.

By-the-bye, I have begun to consider myself very unlucky in getting my lieutenant-colonelcy so soon as I did. The reason is this: If I had remained a major a month longer I should have got the Cross of the Legion of Honour,* two of which have been given to every regiment, and my name and that of a private soldier were recommended for that decoration; but it seems that lieutenant-colonels are not eligible, which is rather a disappointment to me. I think I should have preferred the Cross to the lieutenant-colonelcy, as the latter would be

* He did get the Legion of Honour.

pretty sure to come in time, but I am never again likely to get a chance of the former.

All sensible men out here have the greatest contempt for the English medals, as the system on which they are given makes them worthless. If a person chanced to be within a certain distance of a certain place at a certain time, he gets a clasp or a medal; fools, heroes, and cowards all alike.

Captain Henry Smyth, of the engineers, whose acquaintance you wished me to make, has never been in the Crimea. If he comes out here I shall certainly call on him.

I regret to say I have done little or nothing in the way of sketches since I came out here; the fact is, I draw so badly that it annoys me to look at my own performances. The little sketch-book you gave me was destroyed in a sad way; I had only made two sketches in it, when I lent it one day in the trenches to Captain Dawson of the engineers to make some memoranda in. The poor fellow had

not had it five minutes, and was writing in it at the time, when a round shot cut his head off, and the little book was so deluged with blood as to make it useless.

I believe I might have got leave, if I had asked for it, until February 28. There are many people in England and Scotland whom I should like to see, but my time among them would be so short, and parting with them again so mournful, that I decided on remaining in the Crimea.

I think the papers in England have been unfair in their strictures on officers for going on leave on 'urgent private affairs.' It is entirely a matter for the Commander-in-Chief to judge of; there are many regiments here which have more than enough officers to carry on the duty as well as possible, and there is no reason whatever that the extra ones should not be allowed a holiday. The phrase of 'urgent private affairs' is the one always used in the form of application, and

no other would be used if one was in England and wanted a fortnight's leave to go trout-fishing in Wales.

Thanks for your sketch of the monumental window to dear Charles; it gives me a good idea of it. I should like very much to receive a letter soon from Lowes Dickenson. I got a letter from him asking for my advice about coming to the Crimea, which I gave him as well as I was able, and I should be exceedingly glad if he determined on staying with me during the months of January and February. I am living in a splendid house, 24 feet by 18 feet, with three rooms, four windows, a loft, and a boarded floor; I am the designer of this splendid edifice.

It is almost impossible to go out to-day, the snow and sleet are driving with such violence. It is quite a pleasure to hear it, and to think that we have no trenches to go to.

To Francis Russell.

Camp,

Dec. 20, 1855.

Your letter of November 15, giving a long account of the children, was deeply interesting to me. I long to see the dear little things, and have every hope of doing so in the course of another year. I believe I might have got leave for the months of January and February during this winter if I had applied for it, but I determined not to do so. I am also very glad to hear that you have got an appointment which you think you will like. I have no doubt the post will be one which will give you much interesting employment, and give you some insight into political matters. I wish the time you are to be confined to your chambers was not so long. I have received many letters of congratulation on the subject of my promotion, and I am happy to say I have not discovered any jealousy or discontent about my good

fortune. How much more fortunate I have been than my cousin, Howard Campbell, who entered the army shortly after me and is still a lieutenant, although he has never been purchased over!

Perhaps you are not sufficiently acquainted with the new army regulations to know that I can, if I like, leave the 46th Regiment and get my rank made substantive (as it is called), that is, I am put on half-pay and on the list of lieutenant-colonels. This does not exactly suit me at present, although it is possible that I may do so before many months are over. Almost everyone out here is exceedingly anxious to see peace proclaimed, myself among the number. We have had enough of fighting, and the more we see of war the more we dislike it. "Although I express myself in this way you must not be surprised, in the event of my taking substantive rank, to see me remain out here as an 'amateur' or 'detesteur,' if you like the word better.

Much as I dislike the business, I would rather, if the war is to go on, be at the scene of action than anywhere else.

I think on the whole the army here is getting on very well; both Codrington and Windham are earnest hard-working men, and appear anxious to get everybody into his right place. For the last seven or eight months there has been a gradual improvement in the staff, and I suspect no British army ever had a better staff than we have at present. I feel convinced that anyone who could show that he had superior qualifications would get placed on the staff as soon as there was a vacancy. However, we have not yet adopted the proper plan of turning out the inferior men, and trying to get better ones. With us the rule seems to be 'once on the staff, always on the staff'! I am convinced that the only way to get the right men into the right places is to turn the wrong men out of the wrong places, as no man's judgment is

infallible, and it is impossible to tell how a certain man will fill a certain situation until he is tried in it.

The most alarming thing about the army is the exceedingly indifferent state of the Land Transport Corps, which, notwithstanding the vast sums spent upon it, has been on the point of breaking down almost as completely as last winter. The fact is that it was attempted to raise this important corps in a very short space of time by sheer force of expenditure; a number of boys were enlisted in England utterly ignorant of horses or driving, and were launched into the Crimea with high pay and no discipline. The officers were worse than the men; they were mostly officers of the Indian army; many with a very decided penchant for brandy pawnee, and all accustomed to the idle and luxurious habits of India. These gentlemen thought the Land Transport Corps service would be a very agree-

able occupation, but soon found out their mistake, and have almost all resigned or been requested to leave; they have now got rather a better lot. Colonel Wetherall, who is now in charge of the department, is one of the best officers in the army. He and General Windham have, I believe, drawn up a plan for a complete reformation of the corps, which has been submitted to the Home authorities. From all I can hear, Lord Panmure is a very bad Minister of War, full of crotchets and impracticable plans, and as obstinate as a mule about them; he drives Windham, who is not a very patient man, wild with his suggestions. One of the last messages he sent out by the telegraph was to say that he had started 200 schoolmasters for the Crimea, and hoped that they would find comfortable accommodation ready for them when they arrived. Windham is very savage about them, and declares he will make them drive mules.

The Army Works Corps is another department which I think a great mistake. They are a little use at present, but how we are to get on with 2,000 non-combatants on the march I do not see. These men will have to be fed and defended, and will be very little use. They have such high pay that they are very drunken, and their want of discipline makes them very troublesome. I am sure our new fashion of encumbering an army with civilian and semi-civilian corps is an immense mistake. I do not mention the expense, as that appears to be thought nothing of nowadays. The future historian of this war will be astounded at the lavish expenditure of the English.

I have had many letters from England. You mention in your last that you have written to me two or three times without getting an answer; in this case one of my letters must have miscarried, as I wrote rather a long one to you a little more than

a month ago. I have had but little shooting lately. An immense flight of bustards passed over here about two days ago, going south. I was not out shooting that day, but a great many were killed near the Highland Division. I heard of one that weighed thirty pounds. I had no idea that their powers of flight were so great. They appear to fly quite as well as wild geese, which they much resemble on the wing.

I have not been near the Highland Division, which is seven or eight miles from here, for a long time, but when I go there I will try to find young Ferguson, of the 42nd. I was much grieved to hear of Robert Cunningham's death; he was a very fine fellow in every way; I did not hear of his illness until after I left the Crimea.

I am glad to see that Sir Colin Campbell is in high favour at home; he is an excellent officer; many think that he is the right man for Commander-in-Chief. He gets more

credit than he deserves for the fine order in which the Highland Division is, and always has been; the fact is that the work they had was mere child's play compared to what destroyed the other divisions.

I think, after the desire for peace, the next greatest anxiety in the English army is to get separated from the French, and to work independently of them; I must say that it would be much more pleasant. They are a very grasping set, always desirous of getting all the glory, all the plunder, and, in fact, everything worth having, entirely to themselves. Their civility is a sham; they are not to be compared to the English for true politeness; they ride and walk through our camps in the coolest manner, and are most indignant if we do the same with them. The Sardinians do not fraternize with them at all, and are much more anxious to associate with the English. We got up some very good races the other day, and

gave one prize exclusively for French and Sardinian horses. The Sardinians, however, would not enter, and said that they would rather be beaten in racing with the English than win with the French. I ran a very fine horse I have got in the grand steeple-chase, but though an excellent fencer he came head over heels at the first fence. I was not hurt or the horse either.

I cannot give you any information as to what next year's plans are; an impression is prevalent in the French army that they are to leave the Crimea. I am surprised at the appearance of the French this winter; they are not nearly so well off as our men, as they appear to have neither winter clothing nor huts. The men look wan and dejected, and there is a considerable mortality amongst them; I am speaking only of those near Inkerman and the Tchernaya; those at Kamiesch are better off.

If the Russians have determined on

making a campaign in the Crimea their position must be a much better one than we think it is, or they never would risk such a desperate game as fighting with a desert in their rear. I suspect, however, that we know very little about the country or the state of the Russian army, and are apt to be misled by paragraphs in a newspaper, written by some man who probably knows less. Russell of the *Times* has gone home on 'urgent private affairs.'

To his Brother John.

Camp,
Jan. 4.

I have just received your note concerning the box. Maxwell had heard from Lacy by last mail about it. It was Lacy's fault that the box was too large, as he told us that he could get any box shipped in the Admiralty steamers; he ought to have had the box opened, and the contents packed in two separate boxes in Southampton. The box

with the bacon has not yet arrived; Hayter and Howell are very sure people, but very slow.

The socks have arrived, and I distributed them among the men, who were very thankful for them, as they say they are very superior to those they buy or get from Government.

I wish you would go to 244, High Holborn, and buy a telescope similar to the one Robert gave me. It was covered with black leather, had a strap attached to it, and cost about £3; the telescope is not for myself, but for a friend on the staff. If Price has not left for the Crimea he will bring it out for me; he is to be heard of at No. 11, Langham Place.

I was sorry to hear from Dickenson that he was not coming to the Crimea, and am glad to hear that I have a chance of seeing Robert. You had better come out with him, as this is the only place in the world worth seeing at present. I have written some

rough directions to Robert in a letter to Anna, but will write to him at greater length when he has determined on coming.

Sebastopol is becoming less worth seeing every day, as the houses become destroyed for firewood and the docks blown up.

Give my best thanks to Lilla and May for their exertions in providing me with plum-pudding, etc.; it is more than I deserve at their hands, as I have not kept my promises about drawing for them.

We are getting on pretty comfortably here, and the health of the men is good. We have had, however, two cases of cholera in the 46th this week, both of which were fatal.

I can give nothing better than a guess as to the conduct of the next campaign. My plan would be to land the French at Eupatoria, and the English and Sardinians at Kaffa. The Russian position is, I think, too extended to admit of concentration on a flank, and if they did, an army of 60,000 men

—which I presume each of the attacking parties would consist of—ought to be able to hold its own. I think with fast steamers the armies ought to be able to communicate, even when some distance up the country, in thirty-six hours. I think if we attempt to get out of this place by land we shall fail. I have a strong impression that an English division or two will go to Asia next year.

If Price has left England, pack up the telescope in a small box with three or four Bologna sausages and some preserved soup, and send it out by Hayter and Howell, or any other way you may fancy; I mean portable soup, to be had at Fortnum and Mason's.

To R. B. Mansfield.

Camp,
Jan. 12, 1856.

In answer to your letter received yesterday, I really have but little advice or instruction to give. As you intend only

coming here for a few days you will be able to get on pretty well with only a carpet-bag, as I can find everything for you, and put you up pretty comfortably. If I should not be here you will have to live on board ship and make excursions from Balaclava. My advice to you is to come here for some time, throw in your lot with the army, and go wherever they go. To do this you will only require a couple of small portmanteaux and a pack-saddle; the latter can be got at Constantinople. An English saddle and a patrol tent you would also be the better of, but if you stuck to the 46th you might manage without them.

If the campaign is to be in the Crimea, and you go into the interior with the army, I should think you would see some of the bitterest fighting that has yet taken place. The 3rd and 4th Divisions are pretty sure to bear the brunt of it, as they have done but little as yet.

Nothing has as yet leaked out as to the spring operations, but there is no doubt Sir Colin Campbell is to have a separate command. General Garrett was asked whether he would like his division to be in Sir Colin's *corps d'armée*, but said that he would prefer remaining with the main body.

The French are working very hard at the fortifications round Kamiesch, which are of great extent, and will take at least 30,000 men to defend them properly. We are not throwing up a spadeful of earth at Balaclava, so I suppose it is intended to embark both armies from within the Kamiesch lines.

If we have the same weather next March that we had last year in that month, you will not want as warm clothes as you would in England. Even now you could get on very well with your English clothing, but in March it gets decidedly hot.

Everything is going on pretty smoothly here at present. The Land Transport Corps

is being entirely reorganized, and will, I hope, be pretty efficient in another month.

Some people are very hot upon a campaign in Asia, and seem to think one a certainty; I myself do not think any of us will go there unless it be Sir Colin's *corps d'armée;* I believe it to be a very dangerous climate for Europeans, bilious fevers being very prevalent.

I have not quite given up the idea of going on leave to Kertch for a month, in order to see what the Turkish contingent is like. At present I am pretty busy superintending the ball practice of the 4th Division, which we carry on in almost all weathers.

To his Brother John.

Camp,
Feb. 1, 1856.

The news now all comes from your side of the water, and you cannot expect to hear much from the Crimea except particulars of

the state of the weather. It is nearly a fortnight now since we first heard from the French headquarters that the Russians had accepted the Austrian ultimatum. It did not create such excitement here as one might expect among people so closely interested in the matter, partly because it was not believed, and partly because we appear all to have got into a used-up, *blasé* kind of way of caring about nothing.

I think almost all sensible people out here are delighted at the prospect of peace; only a small number pretend to be sorry for it. I wish myself that peace had come to us when we were a hundred miles in the interior of Asia, broiling under a hot sun and living on scanty rations, and then all hands would have appreciated its blessings much more. Living as we are at present in comparative luxury, people are apt to forget what hardships we shall have to undergo within three months, if the war should continue. I

presume from what I see in the papers of the 18th and 19th January that peace is a certainty, and I am only astonished at Russia's consenting to give up an inch of her territory.

I am at a loss to think where we shall campaign next spring if the war continues; the general opinion here is that we shall go to Asia, but I cannot believe it, as I do not think the country is rich enough to support a large army, and we have not means of land transport sufficient to feed one a hundred miles from the coast. I know that Admiral Slade (the Capitan Pasha), who knows a good deal about that country, thinks it would be a grave error to take an English army there; he says it is most unhealthy.

I yesterday saw a statement of the Russian forces in the Crimea, compiled by the French from the information of spies and deserters. I was promised a copy, and hoped to have forwarded it to you, but have not yet been

able to get it. It was very circumstantial, giving the names of all the regiments and commanders of divisions. The total force in the Crimea is estimated at 85,000 men, besides 6,000 Cossacks. The cavalry is estimated at 14,000, and the artillery at 360 field pieces. In a line extending from the North Forts to Foti Sala there are 50,000 men; the remainder are near Batchi Serai, Simpheropol and Eupatoria. Their left flank appears to be wholly unprotected, from which, I presume, there are insuperable difficulties to an advance from Kaffa.

I regret to tell you that I have heard nothing of the numerous boxes that are on their way to me. I must say it serves me right for entrusting them to such a man as ——, whom I might have known was the worst possible man for it. He sent them off to Malta by the mail steamer, where they will probably lie till I go there, unless Vesey, to whom I have written, takes

the trouble to discover them. The box of bacon has not arrived either, having been left at Constantinople by mistake, and I fancy it is likely to remain there for some months. It was put by Messrs. Hayter and Howell into the *George Hawkins*, which is, I should think, the slowest vessel in the world, as she took about three months to reach Constantinople, and then was so fatigued with the exertion that she was obliged to drop the bacon before she could come up to Balaclava. If you have any more dealings with Messrs. Hayter and Howell, oblige me by giving them some strong personal abuse on the subject. It is really too bad of the Government to make such a mess of affairs through their agents, as, if it was left to private enterprise, I have no doubt we should get our parcels regularly enough.

Two or three nights ago a panic seemed to seize the Russians, for they let off every

gun they had got on the north side, and kept up the bombardment about an hour. We have several hundred men residing in Sebastopol, besides the regular guards which go down from camp, yet nobody was hurt. The destruction of the docks is completed, the last charges having been fired yesterday. We are now going to commence the destruction of the barracks and wharves. It is impossible to say where the 46th will be sent to in the event of peace; I should think England or a Mediterranean station the most likely places; neither of these would suit me; I should much prefer India. I have nothing further to tell you at present; I hope to see Robert out here by the end of the month.

To his Brother John.

Camp,
Feb. 22.

You will be glad to hear that I have received the parcels sent through Captain

Lacey, and that the contents arrived in excellent condition, and were exactly what we wanted. I must write to Lilla and May, and thank them for the pudding, etc. I also received Frank Russell's letter of February 8, which gives me good accounts of all friends at home. I hope Robert's illness has turned out a trifle, and that he has been able to start for the Crimea. I have written to Constantinople for him. I have not yet heard anything of the bacon, which is a great loss to us, as it is a thing difficult to get good in the Crimea.

I have little to tell you about our proceedings here. We have most changeable weather—one day intensely cold, the next with a sort of sirocco blowing. The majority here look on peace as a certainty; the army appears to me to be getting more warlike every day in its tone, not really from any blustering spirit now that peace seems so near, but because they have

forgotten, or are beginning to forget, their privations, hard work, and dead and wounded friends. As for me, what I have seen has made such an impression upon me that I will never allow myself to *wish* for war again. I think it a most brutalizing occupation. For one man it improves I think it spoils ten. I allude principally to the privates, and not to the officers.

I am glad to see the warrant come out for a new 'order of valour,' which was much wanted in the English army; it is the only English decoration I would give five shillings for. I have not heard whether it is to be retrospective. It has, however, come too late. I believe if it had come out a year sooner we should have taken the Redan.

I believe there is a good deal of disappointment in the army at the scarcity of C.B.'s. I think myself it is a move in the right direction, stopping the broadcast

sowing of the decoration that took place last year.

It is impossible to say what will become of the 46th if peace is proclaimed, but I do not think we shall go to England. Let me know when you write what I am in your debt. If by any chance Robert has not yet started, buy for me another pair of hunting spurs, very large, heavy, and treble plated. The last you sent are a great deal too small, not in the size of the hoop, but in weight and length of shank.

To his Brother John.

Camp,
Feb. 29.

To-day an armistice is to commence, and I believe at this moment Generals Codrington, Pelissier, and Lüders are in conference at the Traktir bridge; it will, I fancy, make very little difference in our manner of life.

The weather is now getting delightfully

warm, but a fall of snow which took place three days ago has not yet disappeared.

I hear a strong rumour that the 3rd and 4th Divisions are to take up the outposts along the Tchernaya, which I hope will not turn out true, as I do not at all fancy leaving our comfortable huts at this time of the year. It is said the French are suffering dreadfully from sickness, principally scurvy and typhus fever; I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but generally speaking their troops seem to me in worse condition than they were last year.

We had a review of the British infantry the other day, and the men looked exceedingly well. I send you the field state, which you may depend upon, as it came from the Adjutant-General's office. I send this because I have heard all sorts of exaggerated accounts of the numbers on the ground. There has been an immense deal of congratulation and self-praise expended since the appearance of these 20,000 men, and

people seem to flatter themselves that we have now learnt how to campaign, and that the army will always turn out in the same condition. This is nonsense, we are not campaigning at present, but living in comfortable barracks, and there is no reason why we should not turn out as clean as at Windsor, and as well provided with every necessary. Wait till we get twenty miles from the sea, and you will see a different state of affairs.

A most melancholy accident occurred yesterday in blowing up part of the barracks in Sebastopol, by which Major Ranken, of the engineers, was killed. He was a very fine fellow, and went through the assault on the 8th without a scratch, although he was the first man into the ditch and the last out.

You alluded the other day to my chance of taking substantive rank. I do not think there is any likelihood of my doing so if peace is made. I would take the sub-

stantive rank at once if I thought I could get back on full pay in two years, but I do not think I should be able to do so. I am glad to think I shall see Robert so soon.

	Field Officers.	Captains.	Subalterns.	Staff.	Sergeants.	Band.	Drummers.	Rank and File.
1st Brigade Highland Division	8	23	57	18	124	*	71	2,045
1st Division ...	14	35	101	19	224	74	103	3,774
2nd „ ...	13	38	91	13	222	89	109	2,839
3rd „ ...	10	33	78	25	180	*	84	2,772
4th „ ...	19	50	107	27	294	*	107	4,302
Light „ ...	23	58	126	40	301	*	113	4,100
Total	87	217	560	142	1,345	163	587	19,832

To his Brother John.

Camp,
March 31.

I have literally nothing to write about except the late races, which I dare say you

* The bands of the Highland, 3rd, 4th, and Light Divisions are included in the rank and file. Total of all ranks on parade, 22,933. No cavalry or artillery on the ground. Eight battalions of infantry absent, numbering about 4,000 men.

will see quite enough about in the *Times*. You see, I suppose, Robert's letters to Anna. Robert enjoys himself much, and would enjoy himself still more if the weather was not so cold and unpleasant.

I got a bill from Peat, the saddler, the other day, which I forward to you, I always fancied it had been paid by you; if it has not been paid let me know, and I will send Peat a cheque; I suspect that it is only the last item—viz.; the shipping expenses—that is unpaid.

We have now two mails due, and are of course in a great state of impatience for news. We have all made up our minds that peace is a certainty, and our chief anxiety is to know how the army will be disposed of. I fancy that a large number of us will remain in Turkey as an army of occupation. I should like this well enough if we were sent to the provinces north of the Danube, but I have no wish to be stationed in Bulgaria. I have

received the parcel by the *Cape of Good Hope*, and have already finished one of the sausages.

Our races the other day were a very extraordinary sight; I do not think I have ever seen so many persons even at the Derby in England. There were not many Russians on the brink of the Tchernaya. I should think about a thousand. I was glad that the French won two races, worth nearly £100 each. One of them was won by Viscount Talon, who is rather a friend of mine, and whom I think I have mentioned to you before. He is a corporal in the 4th Hussars, but possesses some thousands a year, and keeps racehorses both in France and England. In case you should fancy that I have come out very strong in the racing line, I must tell you that I did not run a horse during the meeting. Those that ran in my name were entered by officers whose friends object to racing, and who asked for the use of my name.

To his Brother John.

Corfu,
May 27, 1856.

The principal reason for my long dearth of letters is that I hoped by each mail to have been able to give you some certain intelligence of our future destination, but after waiting two months I now find myself about as much in the dark as ever. I left the Crimea on Saturday, May 18, and arrived here after a fine passage of six days. I came in the *Ripon*, in charge of 150 men of the 46th regiment, the *Ripon* having the whole of the 68th on board at the same time. My party disembarked here as soon as we arrived, and the 68th received orders to go to Cephalonia. This, however, was counter-ordered shortly afterwards, and the 68th are to remain here. The headquarters of the 46th in the *Britannia* are expected in here daily, and it is said that when they arrive we shall be sent to Cephalonia, and will give detachments to

Zante, Ithaca, and Cerigo. I think it not improbable, however, that this plan will completely break down, as the 46th is perhaps less fitted for detached duties than any other regiment in the service. The staff here not having been in any way affected by the war, are of the old breed, and it is impossible to say what changes they may make in their plans during the next twenty-four hours. If we remain in Corfu, I shall at once apply for six months' leave, and have no doubt but that I shall get it, and in that case I shall be in London about the middle of June. If we go down to the other islands I am not so likely to get away at least for two or three months. If I cannot remain at Corfu I shall endeavour to go to Zante, which I hear is a nice place; Cephalonia is, I understand, detestable.

I think Corfu the nearest approach to an earthly paradise that I have yet seen. The scenery is most beautiful, every luxury is

cheap and in profusion, the inhabitants pleasant and agreeable people. The *far niente* system of life is carried out here to perfection, and if you find yourself deteriorating under that manner of living, you can refresh yourself by some pretty rough work, shooting in Albania, or yachting in the Archipelago, and if you are *blasé* you can try a tussle with brigands in Epirus or the Morea.

This is a famous place for the study of languages, as the ladies are delighted to give instruction to the officers in either Greek or Italian; this is, they say, a most dangerous game to play at, as many officers get captured by these sirens, and when once they get married of course they never get another lesson from their wives, who then learn English.

I was at a great ball at the Palace (Government House) two nights ago, given on the Queen's birthday. Almost everybody in the island is invited on these occasions, but no

women come except those who are regularly in Society. There were, however, great numbers of quaint-looking Greek farmers, in their loose baggy breeches and embroidered jackets. In revenge for their not having brought their wives and daughters, they were made to dance the Pyrrhic dance, which was done by some fifteen of them; a more utterly stupid and ridiculous performance I never saw. The music was something between a mazurka and a dead march, with an absurd sort of chirrup in it every now and then. Fifteen elderly farmers made a chain by holding a handkerchief between every two of them, and hopped slowly round the room after another farmer who was turned loose. The loose one paced about, barely keeping time to the music, and looking contemptuously at his pursuers, until the above-mentioned chirrup was given, which made him spring into the air as if he was jumping a five-barred gate, and sometimes exasperated him so

much that he jumped two or three in succession. This went on for a long time, and might have been going on still if Lady Young (the hostess) had not stopped the music.

I was not much struck by the beauty of the Ionian ladies, though I thought the manners of those I was introduced to very pleasing. It would, however, be a pretty rough sort of woman that was not pleasing after two years of the Crimea. I shall make every effort to get leave as soon as possible, and I think I shall be able to let you know positively in a week what leave I am to get. I am a good deal bothered to know what to do with my two horses. Great big 16-hand steeplechase horses are quite unsaleable in Corfu, and I can neither afford to throw them away nor to keep them for six months until I return.

I have not heard anything of Robert* since he left the Crimea, and I was too short a

* Mansfield.

time in Constantinople to be able to make any inquiries about him from the Hornbys. He left just a week too soon, for just after he left, Bernard* (of *Water Lily* notoriety) arrived, and stopped with me for some days. Bernard wanted to meet a travelling companion to go home with, and Robert left the Crimea in hopes of finding one at Constantinople. I shall write to you again in a few days; if Francis Russell is not with you, write him a line and let him know where I am and what are my plans.

C. F. C.

* He was our coxswain of the *Water Lily* (four-oared boat) when we descended the Rhine, Main, Moselle, etc., in 1851.—ED.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE regiment remained at Corfu till September, 1858. In the summer of that year Colin Campbell went on leave to England, and was married to Miss Eliza Gibbes on July 12. During all the time that he was at Corfu he was very intimate with T. Powys (now Lord Lilford), whose tastes were similar to his, and who, like him, is one of those happy individuals who are blessed with a disposition that endears them to all who have the good fortune to be much in their society. I do not think I need make any apology to the reader for inserting here the following letter received from him :

'MY DEAR MANSFIELD,

'After some consideration I feel that I am not competent to go into any detail concerning Colin Campbell, but I cannot resist sending these few lines of most

loving tribute to his memory. I first made his acquaintance on my arrival at Corfu, at the end of 1856, when he was doing regimental duty as junior major of the 46th. I and my travelling companion were at once invited to become honorary members of the mess of that regiment, and Corfu was my abode till August, 1858. A similarity of taste for natural history and sport drew me and Colin Campbell together from our first acquaintance, and I at once came to look upon him as one of the best friends I ever had. The great charm of his character was its complete consistency; his cheery unassuming manner, his humour, his versatility, his sage counsel to younger men, and his sound knowledge upon a great variety of subjects, made him a most delightful companion, and I look back upon our many shooting expeditions together in Albania as some of the happiest episodes in my life. I have had many friends, but without disparagement to any one of them I can unhesitatingly say that I never had one so much senior to myself as Colin Campbell whom I loved so well, and to his wise advice on more than one occasion I am indebted to an extent that no words can repay. I was intimately acquainted with all his brother officers who were at Corfu during the period to which I have referred, and I never heard one of them mention him except with affection and respect. I saw him several times during his leave from India in 1863-64, and had several letters from him during his term of duty in that country. This further intercourse only increased my affection for him, and convinced me that few more

"thorough" men ever existed than the sagacious, intrepid, and indescribably attractive Colin Campbell.

'Yours very truly,

'LILFORD.'

The 46th regiment left Corfu for India in the latter part of 1858, where (with the exception of a part of 1863-64, when he was in England on leave) Colin Campbell remained till his death at Simla, on September 14, 1868, aged forty-four. I will add another extract, from a letter from Sir J. Fitzmayer:

'We next met in India. I landed at Calcutta, and he came from his station up country to meet me, and was of the greatest use in the information he gave me, as everything in India was new to me. We were together again at Lucknow, where the 46th formed part of the division I commanded; Simla was the last place at which we met, and where I parted with him for ever.

'He had been tiger-hunting in the Terai, and had contracted a fever, which, according to the doctors, fell on his liver; they said he had an abscess, and they set to work to puncture it from the outside, boring a hole for the purpose: there may have been no abscess at all, but if there was they missed it. I saw Colin after the operation, and had been sitting by his bedside talking for

some time; he was in good spirits, and smiled his usual quiet smile every now and then. His wife brought him some refreshment, which he took, saying afterwards, "I'm all right now"; she then left the room, telling me to call her if any change took place. Colin then asked me to give him a little brandy and water. I got it for him, and he sat up and drank it. He seemed much better; when suddenly he lay back, and a deep shade came over the usual expression of his face. I called in his wife at once; but he never spoke again, and was dead in a few moments. I fancy the sitting up may have caused a rupture in some part of the doctors' work, and that this brought on his death. He seemed, however, to suffer no pain from first to last. He died with the same calm courage which had always characterized him. When I think of his last moments I cannot refrain from expressing my opinion that he was done to death by the doctors—that if left alone by them his own courage, strong constitution, and his wife's careful nursing would have pulled him through, whatever was the matter with him, and that he might have been alive now.'

After his death the following notice appeared in the *Pioneer:*

'Colonel Colin F. Campbell, of the 46th Regiment, whose death at Simla, on the 14th inst., we had lately the painful task of announcing, served in the army for a period of twenty-six years, of which the far greater part

was spent out of England. He was present with his regiment soon after the commencement of operations in the Crimea, and continued with the army until the conclusion of the war, enduring with the quiet cheerfulness which was so characteristic of him the miseries of the winter of 1855. For a considerable portion of the siege of Sebastopol he acted as assistant-engineer, and in that capacity was constantly exposed to the attacks made by the enemy on the working parties. On one of these occasions he was severely struck by a grape-shot, but, although much bruised, and suffering for some time after from pain and stiffness of the muscles, in a day or two he resumed his duties. For his services before the enemy, extending over a year, during which he was daily or nightly under fire, he received the English war medal and clasp, and the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, the French Order of the Legion of Honour, the Turkish Order of the Medjidie, and the Sardinian and Turkish war medals. Not prone to speak of himself, his cool and calm courage under danger were known to many. The men of his regiment cared for him, for he was kind and considerate to them, and they looked up to him as English soldiers always do to such a leader. By his friends and brother officers of the army he will always be regretted. There was no selfishness in his nature; frank and open in his bearing, his appearance indicated the qualities he possessed. Death struck him in the prime of life. Had he lived, and opportunity offered, there are few to whom more brilliant prospects might have

opened. Colonel Campbell served many years in India, and at the time of his death commanded the depôt at Kussowlie. His funeral took place on Wednesday, the 16th inst., and was attended by a large number of friends, and was further honoured by the presence of the Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief.'

He left a son, Archibald Charles Campbell, who, though not cast in the stalwart mould of his father, is like him in features, and inherits much of his disposition and talents. Being a baby in arms at the time of his father's death, he never knew him. As a youth he was delicate, and unable to follow his father's profession; but he is now in good health, and I can form no better wish for him than that the longer he lives the more he may resemble his father in character, disposition, and attainments.

THE END.

BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD.
J. D. & Co.

00107212

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019